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### SUMMARY OF NEWS.

—673—

#### Politics of Europe.

The "OBSERVER" has given a more full and particular account than we find in any of his London contemporaries, of the proceedings that took place to congratulate Mr. Hunt on his liberation from Jail, which will be found in the subsequent pages.

*Orangeism and intolerance in Dublin.*—We are happy to observe, that the Irish government have at length interfered to check the annual parade of Orangeism and intolerance in Dublin, on the 4th and 5th of November. In despite of the remonstrances of the self-elected junta of that city, the Lord Mayor issued a proclamation strictly prohibiting the dressing of the statue of King William with Orange trappings, and the display of any party symbols that might be offensive to the Catholic and peaceably disposed part of the community. The Orangists made a shew of endeavouring to carry their point by force; but the interference of the Police and the biases of the populace soon convinced them of the folly and danger of the attempt, and they were glad to skulk home to mourn the failure of their loyal efforts to excite riot and disorder. We hope the example that has thus been set in Dublin will be followed in other parts of Ireland. A little firmness on the part of Government would easily put down the Orange combination in other parts of the country; and by so doing, would contribute in no slight degree to assuage the angry feelings of the populace, whom the Orangemen have so long browbeaten and insulted with impunity.

The Dublin corporators are at this moment oppressed with business. They are not only busy abusing the Lord Mayor and the Lord Lieutenant, for preserving the peace of the city, but they have set up a war-whoop against the Union; and are loudly calling on all the other public bodies in Ireland to join them in petitioning for a repeal of that measure—a measure which they affirm is the grand *causa causans* of all the evils by which Ireland is afflicted! What may be the success of the corporators in this fresh attempt to disturb the public peace, we know not; but we are sure it deserves to fare no better than their efforts to bully and insult their Catholic countrymen. The Union was a measure of great and signal advantage to both countries; but especially to Ireland. Considering the means of corruption at the disposal of the British Government, it was worse than idle to expect that the Parliament of Ireland should ever act an independent and really honest part. Its corruption and profligacy was indeed open, avowed, and notorious. But supposing it had been possible to defeat this powerful and overwhelming influence, what could have been more absurd than to have had two really independent and sovereign legislatures, that must of necessity have been frequently actuated by different views and opinions, deliberating in different corners of the same empire? A divided sovereignty of this kind could have led only to perpetual divisions. It must have generated and kept alive a hostile feeling between the two countries; and would have alienated them still farther from each other. Such a nuisance could not be tolerated; and Mr. Pitt and Lord Londonderry deserve our best thanks, for having put down so fruitful a source of corruption, intrigue, and disunion. That the Union has been injurious to the traffickers in Irish boroughs, and to the agitators who wish

to dissolve the connection with England, and to erect Ireland into a separate and independent State, cannot be doubted;—but we deny that it has been productive of the slightest injury to any other class of the community. On the contrary, it was a most proper measure in itself, and will be the means of producing much good. It was indispensable as a preliminary step to the emancipation of the Catholics; because it removed the only rational ground on which emancipation could be opposed—the danger of the Catholics acquiring a numerical ascendancy in the legislature. That the Union has not hitherto been productive of all the good that might have been expected to flow from it, is true. But are we to throw the blame of the narrow, bigotted, and selfish policy of those who have been in possession of political power in this country for the last twenty years on the Union? Even Mr. Alderman Nugent himself, the coryphæus of the anti-unionists, will hardly venture to say, that the Union is the cause of Lords Liverpool and Eldon opposing emancipation, or that it made Mr. Plunket an apologist of tithes! On the contrary, it gave these personages an opportunity of embracing a wise and liberal system of policy; and if they have neglected to do so, their own perverse disposition; or their incapacity to avail themselves of the means of doing good, when within their reach, is exclusively to blame.

The causes of the misery and degradation of Ireland are not difficult to discover, and have been repeatedly pointed out. They neither consist in the number of absentees, nor in the act of union. Nor would the least of the evils the Irish are now suffering be in the least degree alleviated, though every absentee were to return to Ireland, and the Parliament House of Dublin to be again filled with the same sordid and rapacious harpies who filled it in 1800.—*Scotsman*.

*Execution.*—On Monday morning, (Nov. 25) at the usual hour, John Holland and William King, the two men convicted of certain practices of a nameless kind, were executed in the Old Bailey. These wretched creatures, from the moment of their condemnation, had not the slightest hope of mercy, the Recorder having, in order to mark the offence in a peculiar manner, departed from the usual course, and passed sentence upon them apart from the other convicts. They were told at that time, that they must look for pardon only beyond the grave, for here it could not be extended to them. An extraordinary alteration had taken place in the person of Holland. At the time of his trial he was rather robust and healthy in his appearance; but now "sharp misery had worn him to the bone." He tottered from weakness, and was supported upon the scaffold. He has from the moment of his conviction abandoned himself to utter despair, and his misery obtained no alleviation from the conduct of his wife, who has on her visits to him in prison, upbraided him in strong language with his crime. The other prisoner a mean looking diminutive person, conducted himself with more firmness. Both prisoners prayed with much fervency, and Holland thanked the Rev. Gentlemen who attended them and said he felt quite happy, and was convinced he should soon be in glory. The crowd was very great, and among it was an unusually large number of women. On the appearance of the convicts upon the scaffold the people were perfectly silent, and they remained so until the drop had fallen about a minute, and then a tremendous groans was sent forth, followed by cries of "Where's the Bishop and the Soldier?"

This manifestation of feeling lasted several minutes. Some time after the closing of the awful scene, some women were ushered to the scaffold for the purpose of having their necks rubbed with the hands of the dead men, for the cure of wens. How long will this piece of disgusting folly be suffered?

**Important Mission.**—A Frenchman, we understand, arrived in London charged with a most important mission, for the purpose of which two hundred thousand francs have been placed at his disposal. What, it will be asked is the object of this extraordinary mission? Is it the organization of a complete system of espionage? This has been already effected long ago. What, then, is its object?—To purchase of hunting dogs for his Royal Highness the Prince de Conde! It is for this worthy object the money of the French people is employed, their labour and property are put under contribution to enable his Royal Highness to have the best dogs—dogs worthy of a Bourbon Prince. It has been remarked that the French Princes who are so lavish for the acquisition of the spaniels and pointers, emblematical of the flatterers who besiege the antichambers of the French aristocrats, show themselves singularly economical in the pempous benefactions with which they fill the columns of the Journal. They can give two hundred thousand francs for a pack of hounds, but they will only give 200 francs for the relief of a commune destroyed by conflagration!—*Morning Chronicle*.

A certain witty judge having heard that Miss Nugent was brought up to vote for Mr. Sutter of Orange notoriety, and being shown the printed list of candidates, on which, under the statue of King William, was written "Good men in bad times."—"Aye, bad times, indeed," said his lordship, "when the daughter of a respectable man like Mr. Nugent is compelled to turn *Orange-woman*!"—*Dublin Freeman's Journal*.

**Charles Putland, Esq.**—During the past week Charles Putland, Esq. Fitzwilliam Square, Dublin, paid a visit to his estate adjoining the town of Tullow, in this county, and called a general meeting of his tenantry. As each man appeared in his presence covered with confusion, and said "please your honour, out of the great arrears in which I am indebted to your honour, I am really ashamed to present to your honour the small sum I now hold in my hand; but if your honour would condescend to accept of it, when God sends me the remainder, I will pay it honestly." His uniform reply was—"My dear man, offer me only what you can afford, and be that ever so trifling, I shall accept of it cheerfully, and when God shall have sent you the remainder, put it into your own pockets, or minister therewith to the comforts of your family—you and I shall be clear to this day." To descend to particulars—out an arrear of sixty pounds, he accepted five pounds—out of seventy pounds, he received seven—and out of eighty pounds, only one single pound—and in two or three cases returned some of what had been handed to him, considering from the appearance of the creatures, that they had given beyond their circumstances. He then gave them all receipts in full up to the 29th of last September—made them a further reduction in their rents of full fifty per cent., and assured them, upon his honour, that he would never disturb an old industrious tenant. In some instances he even exceeded that reduction, but fell short of it in not one. What an endearing conference!—*Carlow Post*.

**Fatal Duel.**—The following account of the circumstances which led to the fatal duel between Mr. Cooke, of Pointstown, and Mr. Shaw, an Attorney, from Killenanle, appears in *Saunders's News Letter*.—Mr. S. had sued Mr. C. on behalf of one of his clients, who caused a marked writ to be issued against him, Mr. C. was arrested, and is said to have snapped a pistol at the Bailiff, who preferred lodging information before a Magistrate to taking the law in his own hand. A warrant was granted, and the Bailiff, in seeking for his man, created some inconvenience to the ladies of Mr. C's family which exasperated Mr. C. so much that a personal rencontre with Mr. S. was the consequence, a message was then sent and received. They were to have fought at Abbeyleix, and subsequently at Kilkenny, but having been bound over at both these places, they at last met between the small town of Tipperary and a village called Killenanle. They

fought at eight paces distance, on the first fire Mr. C's ball struck Mr. S. in the right temple, and entered his head; he instantly dropped covered with gore; but little hopes of his recovery were entertained when the last accounts came away.

**Irish Government.**—The following letter from the Irish Government to the Lord Mayor will be perused with feelings of pleasure by every friend to his Lordship's upright and constitutional conduct and with envy, hatred, and malice, by the faction which his Lordship has been the instrument of beating to the ground. We understand and have reason to believe that his Majesty has expressed himself in the most gracious terms of the conduct of our chief Magistrate. This is a consolation which we imagine, will remove from his Lordship's mind the mortification, if any, which he felt from the high displeasure of the Orange faction:

*Dublin Castle, Nov. 21, 1822.*

"My Lord.—I am commanded by the Lord Lieutenant to acknowledge the receipt of your Lordship's communications stating the events which occurred in the city of Dublin, respecting the decoration of the statue of King William, and referring to the measures adopted by your Lordship, under his Excellency's instructions, for maintaining the public peace.

The Lord Lieutenant commanded me to express his entire approbation of the judgment, firmness, and temper, with which your Lordship has discharged a duty rendered difficult and invidious by the peculiar circumstances of the moment.

The gratification which his Excellency has derived from your Lordship's conduct on this occasion, is much enhanced by the confidence which it inspires, that your Lordship will continue to administer your high functions in such a manner as to remove every just cause of dissatisfaction and irritation, which can affect the peace of the city, or disturb the comfort and mutual good will of the citizens of Dublin."

I have the honour to be, my Lord, your Lordship's  
most obedient humble servant,  
**HENRY GOULBURN.**

To the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor, &c. &c.

**M. le duc de Levis.**—The report that M. le duc de Levis was about to enter the ministry, has revived, in the Saloons, the story of one of his ancestors; a Levis, who had a famous painting of the Virgin; before her stood an ancient duke de Levis, with his hat in his hand, and the Virgin Mary was represented as at the moment of saying to him "Couvrez vous, mon cousin." This cousinship to the Virgin is a proof (says the opposition wits) that the Levis are an old family, and that the ancien regime has nothing to fear from the ministry of the Duke. They also shrewdly observe that the cousin of Mary must have been a Jew.

**Pulverized Charcoal.**—The medical qualities of pulverized charcoal are daily developing themselves. In addition to its value in bilious cases, two ounces of charcoal boiled in a pint of new milk, and taken by adults in doses of a wine glass full every two hours in cases of dysentery, will effect a cure.

**Professional Assistance.**—By a late decision of the Court of King's Bench, in the case of Cox v. Coleridge, it is laid down as law, that no accused person has a right to legal or professional assistance when on examination before a Magistrate. The attendance of Counsel in such cases may therefore be forbidden if the Magistrate sees fit.

**Club House at Brighton.**—At the Club-house on the Steine, at Brighton, play has been suspended on Sundays, through the interference of the Magistrates. The members, in consequence, find the tedium of that day wholly insupportable.

**Turkish Barbarity.**—Having mentioned to the physician I had a letter to the minister of the present Pacha, who acted in the same capacity to Djézzar, it led him to allude to the state of his countenance from having been included in those acts of barbarity committed. This distinguished public character having, in a single instance, incurred the displeasure of Djézzar was called



before him, and informed, that had he not been a man of talent, and found useful, his head might have been struck off; but as Djazzar had occasion for his services, he would put nothing more than a mark upon him, viz. by depriving him of his nose. The executioner was accordingly ordered in with his instrument, and commanded to do his duty. Feeling, however, for the situation of the minister, and wishing to execute the orders sparingly, he only cut off the point of his nose; on which Djazzar, enraged at the executioners disobedience of a peremptory order, snatched from him a large knife employed in this savage operation, and with this cut off, *brevi manu*, the whole of the executioner's nose?" — *W. Rae Wilson, Esq.*

*Memoir of Count Berthollet, &c.*—France has lost, by the death of M. le Comte Berthollet, one of its most illustrious and most useful citizens. He was a member of the Academy of Sciences, and a Peer of France. At the age of 64, some years of beneficial exertion might still have been hoped for by his friends and his country, and his death is therefore deeply felt, and even lamented as premature.

This distinguished chemist was born at Talloire, in Savoy. He was of the medical profession, and became physician to the grandfather of the present Duke of Orleans. His attainments and his chemical labours obtained for him so high a reputation that scarcely had he reached his 24th year, when he was elected member of the French Academy, and of several learned societies of Europe.

In 1794, M. Berthollet was appointed one of the Commissioners of agriculture and the arts. Two months after he became professor of the Ecole Normale, and the following year, on the organization of the Institute, he was one of the first members. In 1798, M. Berthollet was sent into Italy by the Directory, as one of the persons charged with the selection of the pictures, statues, and other objects which were to be transported to Paris. He there became connected with General Bonaparte, and afterwards accompanied him to Egypt. In the year 1799 he returned to France, and was called to a seat in the Conservative Senate. He successively received the ranks of Comte, grand officer of the legion d'honneur, and grand cross of the order of Re-union. His friendship for M. de la Place determined him to purchase a country-house in the village of Arcueil. It was in this house, adjoining the abode of his colleague, that he established a laboratory for experiments, and collected around him a number of young physicians and chemists, almost all of them his own pupils, in order to promote the progress of science, and pursue the system of analysis. This select meeting took the name of the Societe d'Arcueil, and published 3 vols. of memoirs, of the highest interest. This love of chemical science, to which he has so much contributed by his writings and his labours, induced him to devote to his experiments, not only the income which he derived from his appointments, but also so considerable a part of his personal property, as to oblige him to reduce his establishment and decline appearing at Court. Napoleon, when Emperor, it is related, having learned the situation of his affairs, sent for him and in a tone of affectionate reproach, said, "M. Berthollet, j'ai toujours cent mille ecus au service de mes amis." In fact he ordered that sum to be immediately conveyed to him.

M. Berthollet distinguished himself by the most useful discoveries, such as the composition of ammoniac—by a multitude of valuable and ingenious processes, such as preserving water fresh by carbonizing the inside of barrels; giving to flax and hemp the appearance of cotton, &c. &c. He was particularly successful in bleaching vegetable substances by oxygenated muriatic acid, and this process, introduced into all the great manufactories, has occasioned the adoption of a variety of names formed in his honour, such as Bertholliometre, Bertholleur, Berthollien, &c.

M. Berthollet published many works which attest his superior genius. The most important is his *Essai de Statique Chimique*, 2 vols. 8vo. 1803, translated into English in 1804.

The honourable career which he had opened for himself, was followed by his son. The father beheld with pleasure and

confidence the progress of his child, and hoped to have had in him an assistant and a successor; but that interesting young man was snatched from his parents, his friends, and science, in 1811.

M. Berthollet always voted in the Chamber of Peers on the side of the opposition.

M. Chaptal pronounced at the tomb of this celebrated man a most eloquent and affecting discourse.—He concluded with these words, "O! my colleagues, my friends! let the virtues, the services, the devotedness of M. Berthollet be regarded by us as examples, and let us weep the loss of one of the most perfect of men, carefully formed by nature, as if for a model to all those who devote themselves to the study of the sciences."—*Glasgow Chronicle*.

*Consumption of Smoke.*—Smoke will always burn in a sufficient heat. This, I suppose, is as well known as any of the simplest facts in natural philosophy. How easy, then, would it be, with all stoves at least, and with all small and low fires, to have a small charcoal or coke—fire upon a horizontal grating above, the actual fire. This would sufficiently attenuate the smoke, at the same time that it would much augment the heat. Such a plan I think peculiarly adapted to the steam-packets, which now send forth so much vapour in almost every part of the three kingdoms. I wonder, during all the discussion, legislation, and inquiry that have occurred respecting smoke consumption, that Dr. Franklin's stove which burnt downwards, was never once mentioned. That stove consumes the smoke most completely, and I have understood is much used in Pennsylvania, as well as in other parts of America.

*Portrait of the King.*—Sir Thomas Lawrence has published an immortal Portrait of His Majesty—as far as the term immortal can be applied to a painting for preserving, while it exists, a perfect resemblance of its original and a noble specimen of the art. We have no hesitation in saying that the admired President of the Royal Academy has in this picture effected his chef-d'œuvre. With the truth, nature, simplicity of Vandyke, he has united his own brilliancy and grace; and to all has added a back ground and keeping, which shows that his Rembrandt has not been contemplated in vain. Altogether he has produced a really exquisite Portrait. The King is seated on a figured crimson coloured sofa, in an easy and unaffectedly elegant attitude. He is habited in a blue frock-coat, with fastenings and silk tassels, &c. instead of buttons; black small-clothes, and thin silk stockings. The star and garter are worn, and the round the neck the jewel of an order (probably the Guelphic) suspended by a broad red ribbon, which resembles an under vest, carries out the colour, and finely relieves the dark dress and black silk neckcloth. His Majesty's hat and gloves are carelessly thrown on the sofa, by which is also a paper which has received the royal signature. A handsome table with writing apparatus forms a good accessory on the right; and towards the centre and left, an arched window with a superb landscape, leaves nothing to be wished for. But the most inestimable quality of this picture is that to which we have already alluded—its perfect resemblance. It seems as if the King himself were looking out of the canvas. There is no painter's fatality, but a verisimilitude, which might be called dry geometrical precision in the measurement of features and proportion, were it not so beautifully executed as a work of colour and combination. The face is entirely nature, both in tone and expression; and is besides so carefully finished that not a line or touch of the pencil appears to be wanting. The hair is free and graceful. The draping downwards is good, and the limbs are exquisitely disposed and coloured. The flesh tint under the gauzy silk is happily done, and the uncommonly handsome ankle, and foot of his Majesty displayed to advantage. The light upon the hands, (of which the right rests upon one knee and the left is up towards the breast) is charmingly thrown in to give them importance, and at the same time contribute to the contrasts required by the *chairo oscuro*. Upon the whole we should not have mentioned these details of excellence, but to afford a clearer idea of a work, of which it would have been sufficient character to state that it was the best we have ever seen from the pencil of Sir

Thomas Lawrence. It is said that the King told the artist "Paint me as I am;" and if this anecdote be true, we need only add that he has completely performed his commission. It is for Carlton Palace: but we earnestly hope it may be allowed to be engraved.—*Literary Gazette.*

**Discovery in Ship Building.**—Captain Thomas Shield during his residence at the Bay of St. Louis, found that a particular stake, used for fastening a boat, had remained perfectly good and staunch for a year, whereas others had to be replaced every two or three months, being destroyed by the worms. On examination, this stake proved to be of sweet gum, a timber usually considered of no value. Captain S. deciding to make a full and fair experiment, procured a small tree of sweet gum, haughed it down until it squared nine inches, and then had it staked in 3 feet water, affording every opportunity to the worm. This sweet gum stick remained thus exposed for 4 years; when on examination, it was found perfectly free from mors, barnacle, and all other excrescence; and on hewing it down again an inch or more, no traces of the worm were to be seen, except 3 or 4 very small punctures, of inconsiderable depth. The sweet gum (*Liquidambar, Lin's—styraciflua*) is no great abundance on the Alabama and the lakes and bays between Pensacola and New Orleans—it is of prodigious girth and towering tallness—frequently exhibiting a smooth stem of fifty and sixty feet, and remarkable straight. It can be sawed into plank of almost any size, but it will not split, on which account it is universally rejected as useless. It is not worth the experiment? Cut this timber into sheathing plank of half inch or less, and try it on some of the Lakecraft. Its flexibility is such, that a thin plank may be bent and shaped almost as one pleases.—*Floridan American Paper.*

**Incombustible Linen, Cotton, Muslins, &c. &c.**—Mr. Cook, of Birmingham, in his experiments on the Alkalies has discovered that all linen, cotton, muslins, &c. &c. when dipped in a solution of the pure vegetable alkali at a gravity of from 124 to 130, taking water at the gravity of 100, become incombustible. That all timbers become incombustible, when saturated with a solution of alkali at the gravity of 140 to 150. He has two methods of saturating timber, first by letting the timber in the plank lie in the solution for several weeks, until the alkali has perfectly filled up the pores of the wood—but the method he prefers, is the use of a powerful machine, by which he extracts or forces out the sap, and then forces the alkali through the whole tree, thus filling up all the pores and rendering the tree incombustible; this he proposes to do as soon as the tree is felled, and before the bark is taken off. When the bark is in its best state he performs this operation in a few hours, which, while it renders the wood incombustible, completely prevents dry rot. The solution of pure vegetable alkali which Mr. Cook prepares for securing from fire, muslins, cottons, &c. &c. is as pure as the clearest spring water, perfectly free from smell, and will not discolour the finest cambrics or muslins. When so many dreadful accidents are continually happening from ladies' dresses taking fire, from bed and window curtains being set on fire either by accident or carelessness of servants, we cannot but consider this discovery as one of great importance to society. For ship timbers, its value is inestimable, and not less so for all timber for houses and public buildings.

**Comets.**—The astronomers on the continent appear to have been actively employed during the present year observing the three comets which were first discovered by M. Pons, at Marlia, and subsequently by other astronomers. From the north to the south of Europe, the journals are filled with observations and calculations relating to these singular visitors of our system. Every principle observatory, from Prague to Milan, appears to have directed its attention to these objects; and the favourable state of the weather has enabled the observers to pursue their researches with unexampled success. Amongst those who have devoted their valuable time, either in making observations, or in calculating the orbits of these comets, we observe the names of Pons (*le prepose du ciel*, as he is called by Zach), Carlini, Santini, Vursia, Schumacher, Gambart, Beila, Halleschka, Caturekili

Frisiani, Olbers, Harding and Eoke. It does not appear that either of these comets has been seen, or even looked after, in this country. They have in fact, scarcely been heard of, except through the vague notices in the newspapers.—*Tillock and Taylor's Philosophical Magazine.*

**Passion of Revenge in a Horse.**—About a year and a half ago, I was informed of a singular passion of revenge in a horse, which an ostler had particularly offended. The horse had several times motioned to kick the man, but he had always avoided the blow. At the same time the animal was very gentle with other persons. At length one day, when he happened to be loose, after being dressed by some other person, seeing the ostler at a little distance, he suddenly trotted towards him. The ostler, aware of the horse's enmity, turned and ran. With a view of escaping, he leapt up a flight of six or seven steps, and continued his course up a narrow lane. The horse actually followed up the steps, and was so near gaining upon his enemy, that the poor ostler was obliged to take refuge on the top of an out-house towards which the horse twice or thrice reared himself up, as if he wished to reach the fellow even there!—*Newcastle Magazine.*

**Whaling Voyage.**—In the year 1653, Captain Walter Folger, from this town on a whaling voyage, anchored in the harbour of Sanguna, in company with another vessel, which was made fast to his vessel, besides being anchored. In the middle of the night the vessels were carried out of the harbour in the most peculiar manner perhaps ever known. Finding themselves in this situation, they cut the warps that fastened them together, and upon taking up the anchors, they found that a whale called a hump back had taken the anchor of Captain Folger's vessel in its mouth, and was making a run with the two vessels!—The whale was hove up, killed and taken on board.—*Nantucket Enquirer.*

**Professor of the University of Berlin.**—The celebrated Schleiermacher, one of the first Philosophers of Germany. Professor of the University of Berlin, and Chaplain to the King in the Reformed Church, has been dismissed from all his employment, by a Ministerial order.

**Bad Sovereigns.**—The public are cautioned that a number of bad sovereigns are in circulation at Verona. Many have already been imposed upon by them.

**Spanish Priests.**—The true pastors of the christian creed, those who dwell among their flocks, and give comfort, assistance, and example, as well as precept—these men have profited by the extinction of their unworthy brethren, when the drones were driven from the hive, there was more honey for the bees. The Cures, that is, the parochial clergy, have been placed on that footing of comfort and respectability which they so well merit, and which was before unknown to them, the Be-hemoth Monasteries swallowing all. It is not to be supposed that the Monkish hordes would submit to be quietly rooted out. Of themselves they are almost sufficient to make an "Army of the Faith," and in truth, it is of themselves and their immediate adherents that it is chiefly composed. That arbitrary power is also meant to be restored is, we think, still more apparent. "*El Rey neta*"—the King alone—is the motto which they have chosen, the war-cry to which they rally. The King without a Cortes, without responsibility, in short, the Ferdinand before 1820, who could dungeon and murder his deliverers at pleasure—is what they seek to restore. The Congress at Verona is now discussing whether or not Spain shall be invaded to set up again "*El Rey neta*;" and we really regard it very much like discussing whether or not to commit robbery and murder. We do not use these words carelessly—we think the attempt would cause both. Every life that is taken away in an unjust quarrel is a murder; it matters not whether it be committed by one man or by ten thousand. As for robbery, we need but look at the march of any army to be assured that when a country sees foreign soldiers cross its frontier, it may know that it is delivered to rapine and devastation. But it would be robbery in a worse sense than this—it would be moral robbery; as slaying a man is robbing him of his life, so taking from him personal freedom and security is the robbery of all which makes life of value.—*Sunday Paper.*



# MISCELLANEOUS.

— 677 —

## Value of Colonial Possessions.

Scotsman, November 31, 1822.

Official Abstract of the actual Disbursements of the several Com-  
missaries upon Foreign Stations, for the year ended 25th of December  
1820, paid by Great Britain, exclusive of the Revenues collected in the  
several Colonies, viz.

	£.	s.	d.
1. Canada .....	354,731	12	9
2. Nova Scotia and New Brunswick .....	125,353	5	11
3. Newfoundland .....	9,921	7	2
4. Bermuda .....	28,269	13	10
5. Bahama Islands .....	7,904	18	0
6. Windward & Leeward Islands and Colonies .....	346,108	9	0
7. Jamaica .....	118,691	9	0
8. Cape of Good Hope .....	177,043	13	0
9. Mauritius .....	67,274	13	1
10. Mediterranean .....	301,247	4	3
11. Gibraltar .....	140,092	8	4
12. Sierra Leone and Gambia .....	62,293	4	1
13. Heligoland .....	6,371	2	6

£ 1,632,298 0 11

Of the various modes by which the national expenditure might be diminished, and the weight of taxation reduced, a change in our system of colonial policy appears to be one of the most advantageous. It is evident there are only two ways in which the possession of colonies can contribute to the wealth and power of the mother country, viz. either by the payment of a surplus revenue or tribute, or by advantages derived from an exclusive commercial intercourse. But the parliamentary paper prefixed to this article shews, that instead of deriving any revenue from our colonial possessions, they annually cost, in a period of profound peace, upwards of a million and a half; and their defence in a period of war would probably cost us ten or twenty times as much! It is therefore to the exclusive commercial advantages derived from our colonies that we must look, not only for an indemnity for this heavy expense, but also for a compensation for the increased risk, which the occupancy of so many distant dependencies necessarily occasions, of being involved in disputes and contests with other powers. If the monopoly of the trade with the colonies does not yield a sufficient compensation for this expense and risk, their possession must plainly be a loss to the country, and we should gain by leaving them to govern themselves, and to take care of their own interests. But instead of the monopoly of the colony trade being productive of any such advantage, we are prepared to shew that it is extremely prejudicial; and that we do not derive a single commercial advantage from our colonial possessions, which we should not equally derive were they independent, and the country relieved from the expense of garrisoning and protecting them. A short statement will make this sufficiently obvious.

In the first place, it is evident, that if the mother country gains any thing by this monopoly of the colony trade, the colony must lose it. But a colony is not a part of a foreign country—it is an integral and constituent part of your own Empire, and it is contrary to every principle of justice and of sound policy to attempt to enrich one province or district at the expense of the rest. All the difference between Jamaica and Ireland, consists in the circumstance of the one being two thousand and the other only twenty five miles distant from England. But it has not yet been contended, that the fact of Ireland being separated by a narrow channel from England, is any reason why her merchants should be precluded from trafficking with other countries, or why she should be obliged to sell all those products she has to spare, and buy all she wants, exclusively in the markets of England. But if the intervention of a narrow arm of the sea cannot justify such restrictions, it is difficult to perceive how the intervention of a broader arm can justify them. The protection which every government is bound to grant to all classes of its subjects, ought not to vary with the varying degrees of latitude and longitude in which they live. Had Jamaica been the mother country, and England the colony, we should certainly have thought, and justly too, that our distance from Jamaica was no reason at all why we should not enjoy an equality of privileges, or why we should submit to have our energies cramped, and our commerce restricted, for the sake of affording employment to a few Jamaica ships and manufacturers. This is the proper point of view in which we should survey the restrictions on the colony trade. We should remember, that in whatever degree the monopoly is beneficial to ourselves, it must be, to the same extent, prejudicial to our fellow-citizens in the colony; and that it is, therefore, entirely subversive of that equality of rights and protection which every state owes indiscriminately to all who are under its dominion.

But then we come, in the second place, to the question, whether the monopoly of the colony trade, be really advantageous to the mother country? And here we have another opportunity of remarking the close

and indissoluble connection that always subsists between the sound principles of impartial justice and of public wealth. That equality of rights and privileges to which every subject of a free country has a just claim, can never be encroached upon without checking the progress of national opulence. The monopoly of the colony trade, far from being a means of enriching, is really a means of impoverishing the mother country. When rigorously enforced, a monopoly may indeed enable us to supply a colony with manufactured goods which might otherwise have been supplied from some cheaper market. But of what advantage is this forced sale? It is evident we cannot manufacture the goods sent to the colony without preventing a portion of our capital and workmen from engaging themselves in some naturally beneficial employment, and engaging them in one where they will have to contend with every disadvantage, and which must be abandoned the moment we are unable to support the monopoly. It is idle to suppose that any country can ever be enriched by such means; and yet such is the only advantage of which the monopoly of the colony trade can ever be made productive. We say only advantage; for it cannot be denied, that if the mother country is able to manufacture goods cheaper than any other country, she will not fail to possess the exclusive command of the colony market independently altogether of any fictitious assistance. In point of fact, therefore, the monopoly is either *useless* or *pernicious*. It is useless when the mother country can furnish the colony with commodities at the same, or a lower rate than others; and when she cannot do this, the monopoly, by forcing a part of her capital and industry into employments for which she has no peculiar aptitude, is plainly and certainly *pernicious*.

The consequences of the American war, have completely verified the truth of these remarks. No colonies were ever reckoned nearly so important and valuable as those which now form the republic of the United States. With the exception of Dean Tucker, and one or two more, the politicians of this country and the Continent, firmly believed, that the independence of the colonies would be decisive of the fate of England—that the sun of Britain's glory would then set, and for ever! When the question of independence was first mooted in the House of Commons, it was indignantly demanded, Would you ask a mighty giant voluntarily to shrink into a feeble and puny dwarf? But it was impossible to maintain this high tone. Independence could not be refused; and what has been the result? Has Great Britain fallen from the high place she occupied among the nations of the earth? Has the emancipation of the colonies been in the slightest degree prejudicial to our wealth, commerce, and industry? The reverse is decidedly the fact. We have continued since the peace of 1784 to enjoy every previous advantage resulting from our colonies; and we have done this without being subjected to the heavy expense of maintaining armaments for the defence of such distant and extensive territories. The value of the commodities that are now annually exported from Britain to the United States is upwards of twelve times the value of the commodities exported to America previously to the war. Nor, while we can afford to supply the Americans cheaper than they can manufacture at home, and cheaper than they can be supplied by others, is there the least risk of our losing the market. Our commerce with the United States, now that they are independent, rests on quite as firm a basis as it did when they were dependent. So large a proportion of the capital and industry of each particular country is employed, in preparing commodities for the market of the other, that there is no reason to fear the trade will be rashly or capriciously interfered with. It is not a fictitious, but a natural trade. It is not founded on bounties or prohibitions, but on the gratification of real wants and desires; and as it is equally advantageous to both countries, we may confidently predict, that it will become still more productive of wealth, comfort, and enjoyments.

It has been repeatedly urged, that the trade with colonies is totally and completely exempted from those contingencies and revulsions to which the trade between independent nations is necessarily more or less liable, and that the exclusion of competition always secures the command of the colonial market. But we have already shewn, that the forced exclusion of competition is really of no advantage but the reverse. Admitting, however, that it is advantageous, it is an advantage that can never be reaped except from small and easily guarded colonies. It is plainly impossible, supposing the United States had continued to this hour a dependency of England, that the most rigid and severe enforcement of the exclusive system could have preserved us the monopoly of their market, had any competitors appeared in the field capable of underselling us. The whole navy of Great Britain, though it were doubled, would not be enough to guard the coast from St. Lawrence to the Mississippi from the intrusion of smugglers. Nor could the whole army of Britain prevent clandestine importation into Canada. Cheap goods are sure to make their way thro' every barrier. All the tyrannical regulations and *guarda costas* of Old Spain did not prevent her colonies being deluged with the prohibited commodities of England, France, and Germany. It is, indeed, quite childish to suppose, that any extensive market can ever be preserved by the mere dint of customhouse

regulations. They are never productive of advantage, but always of injury. And we may be assured, that our command of the American market depends at this moment on the very same principle—the comparative cheapness of our manufactured goods—on which it depended when we had a Governor in every State; and so long as we preserve this single advantage, the preference we have hitherto enjoyed will, without the aid of commercial treaties, of acts of Parliament, or acts of Congress, continue to be given to us.

It has been urged in defence of colonial possessions, that they supply the mother country with commodities which are not elsewhere to be had; and that, were they to be abandoned, we might be obliged to pay a monopoly price for articles which custom has rendered indispensable. This apprehension appears to be extremely futile and unfounded. We often hear of the holders of colonial produce being subjected to the greatest difficulties from a disinclination on the part of foreigners to buy from them; but we never yet heard of their refusing to sell. No instance can be mentioned of a country wanting colonial produce, and willing to pay for it, being unable to obtain any quantity she required. France is now nearly destitute of colonies, and yet she is quite as well, or better supplied with their products, than before the Revolution; and she obtains them in precisely the same way that she did then—that, is, by giving an equivalent portion of the produce of her land, capital, and labour, in exchange for them. It is a radical error to suppose that the supply of colonial goods can be monopolised. Sugar is a staple product of the East Indies, of Brazil, Mexico, and Louisiana, as well as of the West Indies. The same may be said of coffee; and it is now clearly ascertained, that the spices, which were formerly thought to be an exclusive production of the Moluccas, succeed equally well in Cayenne and other places. The commodities which we call colonial, ought, in fact, to be called tropical; for they are to be met with almost every where between the tropics; and the idea of monopolising them is totally out of the question.

But the monopoly of the colony trade has been productive of another disadvantage. The regulation which obliges the colonists to dispose of all their surplus products in the markets of the mother country, could not have been carried into effect had foreign competitors been permitted to supply these markets with cheaper goods. In order, therefore, to preserve the monopoly of the colony trade, the countries possessed of colonies have been forced to give the colonists a monopoly of the home market. For example, the merchants of England have a complete monopoly of the market of Jamaica; but, on the other hand, the planters of Jamaica have an equally complete monopoly of the market of England! There is thus a reciprocity of injuries, and not of advantages; and the colony trade, instead of being a source of wealth, is rendered a source of poverty, vexation, and disgust. Were it not for these perverse regulations, we must supply ourselves with sugar from the East Indies or Brazil for about two thirds or less of the sum which it costs to bring it from the West Indies. This is a much more serious loss than is generally supposed, and is one to which the public attention ought to be particularly directed. Sugar has become necessary no less indispensable to the poor than the rich. The quantity of West India sugar entered for home consumption in the year ending the 5th January 1821, amounted to 3,661,730 cwt., or to 410,113,760 lbs. But it has been repeatedly shewn, that, were the oppressive duties on East India and Brazil sugars reduced to the same level with those on West India sugars, we might obtain as good sugar for 4d. a lb. as now costs 6d.; a reduction of price which would save us no less than £3,417,614 a-year in the cost of this necessary! But supposing the saving only to amount to the half of this sum, still it would obviously be an object of the greatest importance; and when added to the expense of their government, it shews that our charnel houses and slave-cultivated estates in the West Indies take upwards of two MILLIONS a-year from the ill-guarded pockets of the people of England! It will be curious to see how long they will submit to sacrifice so vast a sum for no conceivable purpose, except it be to stimulate a few slave-holders to linger in a disadvantageous employment. If they have any desire to promote their own interests, or to lighten the pressure of those burdens of which they complain so bitterly, they will certainly cease to burden themselves with the expense of governing and protecting dominions productive of nothing but expense. We do not think it is too much to affirm, that Canada, a country from which we never have derived, and never will derive a single advantage, and which must sooner or later fall into the power of the Americans, has cost JOHN BULL ONE HUNDRED MILLIONS!

#### LATE EUROPE BIRTHS.

OR SONS: The Ladies of the Lord Bishop of Bristol, at Christ's College, Cambridge; of Wm. Sargent, Esq. in Montagu-place, Montague-square; of Captain Englefield, R. N., at Cheltenham; of the Rev. T. H. Ripley, at Wootton Bassett, Wilts; of Richard Martyn, Esq. at Duras Park, Galway; of Wm. Bell, Esq. of Alder-gate-street.

OR DAUGHTERS: The Ladies of Edmund Davy, Esq. Professor of Chemistry at Cork; of Charles Power, Esq. at Falmouth; of Lieutenant-Colonel Gordon, of the 5th Dragoon Guards, at Portobello.

### The Money Market.

#### A PEEP AT THE MONEY MARKET; FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE UNINITIATED.

BEYOND certain brief notices of the prices of the funds, and a little speculation on the variations, it has not been the practice of the newspaper press to discuss the concerns of the money-market. The Stock Exchange has indeed, by some, been designated the *pu'se* of the political world. The gaming table might, with as good reason, be called the seat of sober calculation. The parties are too much interested in the slightest fluctuations, the hope of gain and apprehension of ruin are too exciting, to allow of a dispassionate judgment upon broad and general views. The great bulk of Stock exchange transactions are indeed literal gambling—not real sales of Government securities by individuals who wish to realise their capital to those who desire to put their money to interest,—but fictitious sales of nominal amounts of stock, without any real transfer, the differences only between the present and the future price on a given day, being really paid by one party to the other.\* The effect of this is, that in the unsatiable sensitiveness and excessive agitation occasioned by fractional variations of price, the slightest and most flimsy rumours produce all the effect that political events of magnitude might alone be reasonably supposed to cause. So great is the advantage to be made of a fluctuation of  $\frac{1}{2}$  or  $\frac{1}{4}$  per cent, that in their eagerness to outstrip one another, the speculators raise or depress prices by the mere force of competition or alarm. This feverish anxiety and dependence on any but real grounds of action, have arrived at a pitch perfectly ludicrous. We are informed by those in the secret, that if one Mr. ROTHSCHILD does not appear in the market, little or no business is done! The gay Count in Beppo whose "bravo" was decisive, was not more despotism in his influence over a song or a chorus, than the mighty loan-contractor over all matters of funds and securities. Let no Emperor or Prince presume to borrow, except the loan be stamped with his approbation. No matter how ample the security, how tempting the interest: the "all in all" is the nod or frown of the circumcised leviathan. When he buys, a troop of jobbers rush to buy; when he sells, the same *imitatorum sermum pecus* fly to do likewise. The reader may judge, from this state of things, how far the stock-market is likely to afford any criterion of political opinion.

We have said that the newspaper press has not usually concerned itself with speculations upon the money-market; and we should not have been induced to form an exception, had only the class of capitalists, loan contractors, and jobbers, been concerned. The sympathies of some people seem to be affected in precise proportion to the riches of the object:—our own, we confess, grow stronger in the degree of poverty. Owing to a multitude of causes, there is now perhaps in England a larger body than ever existed at any former period, of persons possessing small capitals derived from successful trade, or otherwise, and living upon the annual interest. Of this class a large portion consists of genteel females, and old or sickly persons incapable of earning a livelihood, whose sole dependence is on what they derive from their little capital. We need not say how important it is to the comfort and mental peace of all so circumstanced, that their money should be invested to the best advantage and with the greatest safety. In the absence of a proper acquaintance with the subject among society at large, the false lights of the stock jobbers are commonly taken for beacons, to the serious danger of the deluded. How often do we meet with persons moving in a respectable sphere of life, and by no means deficient in acquirement, who are absolutely strangers to the meaning of the commonest terms connected with the Funds? You hear people talking of "putting money in the Bank," and actually believing that (because the accounts of the Debt are kept

\* There are called *time bargains*, and those concerned in them distinguished as stock *jobbers*, from the stock *brokers*, or authorized agents for the purchase and sale of stock; though the two characters are not rarely united in the same individual. Thus, one jobber sells 1000l. in the 3 per cent. Consols for the account; that is, he sells it in reference to the price at some future day. The price at the moment of sale is, we will suppose, 80 per cent or 800l. for the 1000l. stock. At the future day named (called the *settling day*, it being the practice for all the jobbers to fix on the same day) if the price has risen, the nominal seller pays to the nominal buyer the amount of the rise; and *vice versa*, if the price had fallen. Suppose, for instance, the price is on the settling day 81; the seller then pays to the buyer 8l. or 1l. for each hundred of the 1000l. But if the price should be 79, then the buyer pays to the seller 8l. The uninitiated reader will perceive by this, that it is perfectly possible for a jobber not worth a penny to buy 10,000l. or 20,000l. stock for the account: if the price rise, he pockets the difference; if it fall, and he cannot pay the difference, he is declared a defaulter, or in the more appropriate language of Change alley, "a lame duck," and frequently (to pursue the same idiom) "waddles off" to the Continent. The slang of stock jobbing has all the coarseness, without any of the humour, of the *Fancy*.



Saturday, April 19. 1823.

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at the Bank of England, and the interest paid there) the money is really given into the custody of that establishment, and kept in a huge strong box! Such being the state of things, and as, for the reasons assigned, we deem the judgment and example of the stock-jobbers the very worst possible, we cannot perhaps do better than devote an article to the purpose of affording such general explanations on the subject as will enable those concerned to judge for themselves, instead of taking opinions at second-hand from a class of heated speculators peculiarly unfitted for calm and just consideration. In doing this, we shall be compelled to give some elementary statement, which will appear simple to those who talk of Consols and Bank Actions "as familiarly as maids of thirteen do of puppy dogs;" but that is unavoidable. Lord BYRON pleasantly describes himself in a similar dilemma, when he doubts whether he shall translate a Greek line in one of his songs,—fearing to offend the ladies if he does not, and the gentlemen if he does. His Lordship of course decides for the translation, and we for the statement.

The number of foreign loans lately contracted for, wholly or in part, by British capitalists, has brought an unusual variety of stock into the London market; and it must be confessed, that in the choice of investment a purchaser is almost as much puzzled as a little boy in a pastry-cook's shop, with the pleasing perplexity of the good things around him. We will draw out the list as intelligibly as possible omitting generally such description of stock as affords no difference from what is set down, in regard to interest or security:—

	per Cent.
BRITISH.....	Four per Cents. about 102
	Three per Cents. 82
FRENCH.....	Five per Cents. 93
PRUSSIAN.....	Five per Cents. 89
NEAPOLITAN.....	Five per Cents. 82
DANISH.....	Five per Cents. 91
RUSSIAN.....	Six per Cents. 82
	Five per Cents. 83
	New Five per Cents. 90
AUSTRIAN.....	Five per Cents. 82
SPANISH.....	Five per Cents. of 1820 ( <i>alias</i> Old ) 86
	Spanish Bonds }
	Five per Cents. of 1821 <i>alias</i> New }
	Spanish Bonds }
UNITED STATES.....	Six per Cents. 104
COLOMBIAN.....	Ten per Cents. (very scarce) 95
	Six per Cents. 88
CHILIAN.....	Six per Cents. 87
PERUVIAN.....	Six per Cents. 87

Thus, an individual may purchase at this present time 100*l.* British stock (or, in other words, he may become a creditor of the British government to the amount of 100*l.*) producing 3 pounds a year interest money, for about 82 pounds; which will be equivalent to laying out his money at 3*l.* 13*s.* per cent. per annum. Or he may give 102*l.* for 100*l.* British stock producing 4 pounds a year interest-money, which is as near 4 per cent. for the money laid out as can be. Or he may buy a share in the Russian Debt at the rate of 82 pounds for every 100*l.* of 6 per cent. stock, which will be investing his money at 7*l.* 6*s.* per cent. And so on through the whole catalogue. The purchase is made,—not of the respective governments (who have had all the money of the original lenders, and spent it too!) but of individuals holding shares of various amount, who wish to sell them. No definite time is fixed for the payment of any of these National Debts; and the creditor's claim extends only to the punctual discharge of the interest. Some governments, by a sort of Sinking Fund, pay off a portion of capital every year, besides the interest; which greatly assists their credit: the continuance of this practice however depends on their anxiety to preserve their pecuniary reputation, as enabling them to make future loans. A capitalist is reported to have said the other day, that certain Continental Powers would pay, the interest of their Debts as long as they could make fresh loans, and no longer: Some persons think there is much sagacity in this remark, and that Monarchs who have already braved the shame of Political Promise-brakeys, will feel small compunction in violating their engagements in regard to loans which, like most profligates, "they find very difficult to pay."

The questions to be considered by a person about to invest money in any of these various kinds of stock are,—the amount of the Debt of the particular government; the state of its revenues; the extent and resources of its territory; its character for economy and for good faith in financial obligations; the chances of its stability; and whether the fall of a party or change of system is likely to affect the Public Debt.

To begin with our own country. The National Debt of Great Britain is a phenomenon in the history of the world. Its magnitude has falsified the prophecies of the political economists who saw in its early growth, and who conceived it impossible either that the government could borrow, or the nation pay the interest of half the sum to which it now a-

mounts; namely, about 800 millions of pounds sterling, or sixteen times the amount of the present enormous Revenue. That the capital of this Debt will ever be paid, no dreamer fancies: how long the interest may be discharged, is the only question; and we need scarcely observe, that the hopelessness of getting rid of the capital is no small incentive to a national bankruptcy. The amount of the Revenue extracted from the people of this country has doubtless exceeded the calculations of the political economists of the last century as much as the amount of Debt; but they certainly never calculated sufficiently the grinding power of Corruption, gradually and silently burdening with taxes the commonest necessities of life, and reducing the farming labourer to four shillings a week. But to reckon on the continuance of a Revenue derived from so unnatural and monstrous a state of things, would be infatuation. The condition of the landed proprietors is such, that they cannot go on without a large reduction of taxes,—all hope of forcing back the old prices of corn being extinguished by the alteration in the currency and the revision from the artificial dearthness of the war-time. At the present moment, notwithstanding seven years of peace, no debt whatever has been redeemed; and should there be any real surplus of revenue for this and two or three following years it will be all swallowed up by the debt to the Bank and the arrears of the Consolidated Fund. The hiring journal-ists appeal to the flourishing state of the Revenue, as a sufficient answer to all croskers.\* The public creditor however, who possesses the least political knowledge, must know, that continuing to extract 52 millions of taxes annually from the country at a time of general and peculiar distress, is the most fatal course possible for his real interest. When a nation is suffering as the English are at this moment, the only wise course is to afford every indulgence in the way of taxation, even though a loan should be necessary to cover the temporary deficiency of revenue. But at such a time, what can exceed the flagrant folly of squeezing from the impoverished people more than the current expenditure requires, in order to pay off a contemptible fraction of the public Debt? That is anticipation with a vengeance, and can hardly fail to produce national despair. There is this peculiarity in the situation of the British public creditor,—that his best, if not his only prospect of safety lies in a complete alteration in the system of government. A rigid economy in the public expenditure, and above all, the appropriation of the Tithes and Church Property to the payment of the Debt, would afford a chance, that the nation might go on paying the interest of its melancholy Debt, at any rate in part. Many political economists who have studied the subject, however, think it wholly unreasonable to expect that, when the Poor should be decently provided for, the country could supply much revenue beyond the annual wants of the state. Be this as it may, the price of the British funds,—considering the very small interest they bear, the alarming magnitude of the Debt, and the very general progress of a conviction that some compromise with the public creditor must shortly take place, would be a perfect phremonon, did we not see that the speculations of the jobbers are influenced by any thing but common sense or a calm exercise of the judgment.†

\* The last Quarter's Return, shewing a falling off at the rate of 3,290,000*l.* a year, destroys even the pretence of a surplus or Sinking Fund. What are now the prospects of the Public Creditor, when taxation, screwed up to its present unnatural pitch, barely covers the current expenditure?

† Let no one invest money in an insecure stock on the mistaken notion, that it will be easy to sell out at little or no loss, in case of danger. A panic gives no warning—and in the money market every apprehension becomes a panic. We have seen examples of sudden and precipitate falls of price upon slight grounds enough. A direct proposal in Parliament to lower the interest of the British Debt,—(and after the hints already thrown out, the next session will hardly pass without one being made) would be a real cause of depression; and we doubt whether it would take longer time than the news would be in travelling from the House of Commons to 'Change Alley, to produce such a competition of sellers as would half-ruin hundreds. A sinking price often resembles a stone rolling down a hill—the descent becomes more rapid from its own impetuosity.—*Examiner.*

#### LATE EUROPE MARRIAGES.

At Tottenham, John Forster, Esq. of Lambeth, to Catherine Matilda, only daughter of the late Thomas Cooner, Esq. of Riverhead, Kent; at Mary-la-bonne Church, on the 26th of Nov. George Simson, jun Esq. of Sellwood-park, Berks, to Mary Anne, daughter of James Sutherland, Esq. of Gloucester-place, Portman-square; at Warrington, Captain Cameron, of the 53d foot, to Elizabeth Tomazone Pinnix, only daughter of E. Pinnix, Esq. of Emsworth; Mr. Thomas Ricketts, of Waltham Abbey, to Mrs. Roberts, widow of Mr. John Roberts, late of Bantiv, Heath, Middlesex; lately at Gibraltar, J. Hatley, Esq. surgeon in the 64th foot, to Miss Elizabeth Pritchard, of that place; H. Hasely, Esq. of Henley Park, Surrey, to Mary Noel, third daughter of Andrew Stirling, Esq. of Pirbright Lodge, Surrey; John Feather Stenhouse, Esq. of Isleworth, Middlesex, to Miss Clark, of Siou-place.

Henry Hunt.

LIBERATION OF MR. HENRY HUNT, FROM ILCHESTER JAIL.

Observer, London, November 3, 1822.

Ilchester, Wednesday, 11 o'clock.—The appearance of this morning was unfavourable for the inhabitants of the interior coming hither. Heavy rain continued until seven o'clock, when the sky began to clear, and the promise of a fine day was given. At that hour the people began to assemble, and, until eight, arrived in straggling groups. The attendance was less numerous than was expected; but there was no previous arrangement made, or any concert entered into to draw them together. Those who came did so voluntarily, and the display of feelings was genuine and spontaneous, though the effect might have been made more imposing by the least preparation. I did not see any of the first gentry of the country, but the respectable class of farmers, independent and substantial yeomen, were numerous, among whom were mixed a few persons of a higher order. Altogether, there were about five hundred people collected at half past eight—the greater part wearing neckerchiefs of green and white, and white hats, being the declared emblems of Reform. A barouche and four was drawn up at the Castle gate; but, in the enthusiasm of the moment, the horses were taken off, and the populace prepared to draw the carriage. At a quarter to nine Mr. Hunt appeared, and was received with loud and repeated cheers, waving of hats, and cries of bravo. He looked well and in high spirits; his color florid, and his countenance expressive of great satisfaction. He wore the neckerchief of green and white, and suspended from his neck the medal presented to him by the Female Reformers of Leeds, and a plaid cloak which has been lately sent him from the Reformers of Greenock. He was accompanied by Sir Charles Wolsley and Mr. Northmore, who sat with him in the carriage, and by several friends. The barouche was drawn over the Ilchester bridge to the Castle Inn, in front of which the crowd was drawn up. The warmest reception was certainly given him. He stood up, and repeatedly acknowledged the compliments of the people. When the barouche arrived at the inn, Mr. Hunt addressed the crowd to the following effect:—

"I am just released, after a confinement of two years in a dungeon, which I have suffered for struggling for the rights and privileges of the Constitution. Before I was put in there, I foretold what would happen—that ruin would be at last brought upon the farmer, the mechanic, and the labourer (applause.) I was thrown into prison for saying that the Government lived on the people (cheers.) But times have since come round, and the landlords cannot now get their rents, nor the farmers provide the wages of their labourers. I am truly obliged to you for the kind reception you give (bravo;) not only on my own account am I rejoiced to meet you, but on yours, as I am proud to see the people of England coming at last to a right sense of their situation (loud cheers.) I have to meet other friends in other places, and can remain but a short time with you at present. I have been pent up in that bastille, which you shall see in a short time razed to the ground (bravo;) but what I have suffered has been for the good cause, and for which I am ready to suffer again (loud applause.) The object of the Government has been to set the labourers against the farmers; and the farmers, forced into difficulties, to pay the taxes, have been obliged to screw the labourer down to the last shilling. I wish, my friends, to caution you on that point—do not be divided or set against each other; but let the farmer and the labourer come forward, and with the manufacturer, join manfully in one petition for Reform (bravo, bravo.) That is the way to gain redress; and if you do so, England will be England again (cheers.) The Government want to set the labourer and the farmer against the manufacturer, and to keep up the system by which they may continue to draw sixty millions a year from the country when wheat is at four shillings a bushel (cheers.) I am for peace, not for war, I wish all men to be united and Old England happy (bravo.) I do not act for any bad purpose, but for the cause of Reform, and will go on patiently, but firmly, until its complete success be established (bravo.) I have been in prison for two years and six months, but here I am the same man as I went there (bravo!), not one whit less ready to struggle for the rights of the Constitution, not one whit less ready to sacrifice my life, if it were necessary, for your cause (cheers.) I shall not be the less ready than before to do whatever conscience tells me is my duty. Let them put me to death if they like; but what good will that do them? It will not pay the taxes, nor enable the farmers to pay their rents, with wheat at four shillings a bushel, or find them wages for their labourers, to keep the workmen or the farmer from coming at last on the parish (applause and laughter.) I have in that prison been persecuted by the local authorities; but I will not say much of them now, as I have brought their noses to the grindstone (bravo!) The inhuman monster of a gaoler, I have turned out, and had him brought to justice. He was supported by the bench of Magistrates, but I have overset them all by my single arm, and they have been obliged publicly to declare that the walls of the prison shall be thrown down, and the place of confinement shall be in another part of the country (bravo!)

When I was first incarcerated in that Bastille, the expenses of keeping it amounted to 7000*l.* a year, or 2700*l.* a quarter; but, through my exertions, it has been reduced, and does not at present exceed 2000*l.* a year, or 500*l.* a quarter (bravo, bravo!) I now thank you most sincerely, my friends, for this reception, and I will withdraw to my friends, who wait breakfast for me" (loud cheers were given by the crowd at the conclusion). When Mr. Hunt retired,

Sir C. Wolsley appeared on the balcony of the Castle Inn, and said, Gentlemen, I wish to address a few words to you, almost at the threshold of Mr. Hunt's dungeon (bravo), to express, in the name of every honest man, my thanks to Mr. Hardy for his honourable, humane, and gentlemanly conduct towards Mr. Hunt (applause), during the time he was under his care; a conduct so different from that pursued by those whom I could designate, but whom I am confident every honourable man despises (loud cheers)..

The gentlemen then assembled in the large room of the inn, about 70 in number; Mr. Hunt was placed at the head of the table, and received the cordial greetings of his friends.

Breakfast was served, and as the room could not accommodate all those who wished for admission, tables were prepared into other parts of the house. When breakfast was over, Mr. Hunt said, that as he saw a great many gentlemen who were strangers to him, he would be happy to be introduced to them all; "but let them" said he, "who wish to know me, come up shake hands, and introduce themselves." When some ladies came into the room, he said, "I am glad to see the ladies are come to have a peep at the lion—you are welcome—I am truly happy to see you. Here, gentlemen, is a friend of ours, who has come 250 miles to be present at my liberation.—(cheers) He is from the neighbourhood of Parson Hay. He tells me, that on last night, at twelve, it was intended to light a fire, in honour of my liberation, on one of the hills at Rochdale, in Lancashire. It was to be composed of 17 barrels of tar and 30 loads of coal. I don't know if Parson Hay, will like it; but we are obliged to our Rochdale friends, and suppose we give three cheers for the Reformers of the North."—"Bravo I see will!"—Three cheers were then given.

Mr. Northmore rose, and said that he wished to let the party present see the flagon and salver sent from the friends of liberty in the country, and which were to be presented to Mr. Hunt at the dinner that day at Glastonbury as a tribute to him for his manly political conduct; he was certain that Mr. Hunt was happy, as well from his own conscience as their approbation.—(The flagon and salver were then handed round the room, and exhibited by Sir Charles Wolsley at the window to the crowd in front of the inn.)

After a short interval, Mr. Hunt requested the notice of the Meeting to what he was about to say. I am, Gentlemen, you know, a man of business. I am ready for my old tricks again (cheers and laughter). I tell you what—if the people of England lay down under oppression, they are doomed to eternal slavery. They must not be inactive, but they must be active and move about. Some of the freeholders of the county now present have thought this a fit opportunity to call a meeting of Somerset together, and it is meant to submit a requisition to you for your approbation, and for the signature of those who are freeholders and like the proposition (hear). I will read the requisition to you:—"To the High Sheriff of the County of Somerset. We whose names are hereunto subscribed, freeholders, landholders, tradesmen, and others affected by the agricultural distresses of the country, request that you will, as early as may be, convene a public meeting of the county, to take into consideration the best means of petitioning Parliament for the redress of those grievances under which they at present labour, and for restoring the Representation of the people in parliament agreeable to the ancient principles of the English Constitution." No man (continued Mr. H.) can object to such a requisition, or to a public meeting, but one who will say that we are in a state of prosperity. Are we in a state of prosperity, or are we not?—"No, no." It is fit to do something to obtain redress?—"It is; it is." Well, if it be, then it is the best mode to call a county meeting, and sign a petition to Parliament?—"Yes, yes!" "Bravo!" Will you let me sign the requisition first?—"Yes." I am a freeholder of the county, so is Mr. Northmore near me; he will sign it and pass it round to you; and if the Sheriff will call the meeting, we pledge ourselves to attend and do our duty (applause.)

Mr. Northmore rose, and said, Gentlemen and Ladies,—It gives me great pleasure to add ladies, as I am certain that they all are Reformers in their hearts (laughter). If they were allowed to poll at Exeter, I am certain I should have been returned for that city, as I had of them, at least, ten to one in my favour. They have made me almost a convert to the opinion of Jeremy Bentham, and I would, perhaps, agree with him in permitting women to have the suffrage. As to the objection that has been raised against such a plan, I do not regard it, for I am convinced that instead of being swayed by the men, they would always sway them (hear, and laughter). Gentlemen, the requisition you have heard alludes to the Constitution, and I will tell you that according to the spirit of that



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Constitution, every man who pays taxes for its support, and every man who may be called upon to risk his life in its defence, has a right to vote (*applause*). That is what is meant by scot and lot—by the chance of being drawn for the militia, and scot for its support. The old Saxon Constitution was evidently on the principle of universal suffrage, except as far as slaves were concerned. Thank God! at this day no exception need be made in their favour, as we have none but those who are voluntary slaves (*bravo*). Members of Parliament formerly were returned to do the business of their constituents. They were paid two shillings a day for borough, and four shillings, a day for county members, besides their travelling expenses. For that they were required to do their duty, and if they neglected a day to go to the House their pay was stopped. No such a thing at this day, Gentlemen; but we have 109 Members of Parliament dividing between them 200,000*l.* of the public money (*shame*). I have heard an opinion that was once given of that House, and which being of Royal origin, I will repeat to you, as I know you are all attached to your King as well as to the Constitution (*applause*). When the Parliament of Charles the First displeased him, that Monarch burst into an invective against it. He compared the Members to cats because they always grew cursed with keeping (*laughter*). I consider another case for similarity is, they are like cats because they are fond of fish, and the oddity of the comparison is, that, like cats, they are most partial to gold and silver fishes (*applause and laughing*). As a friend near me suggests they are also fond of place. Cats are said to quarrel, so are the Hon. Members; but the former quarrel when they are in love, and the Gentlemen of the House hate and detest each other. One more similarity suggests itself to me. If you rub cats in the dark their coats are apt to strike fire, and the Hon. Members never display so much electric fluid as when you give them a good radical rubbing (*cheers and continued laughter*.)

The Requisition was then handed round, and numerous signatures attached to it; after which

Mr. Hunt said a few words complimentary to Mr. Northmore, and contrasted the value of his services, if he were returned for the country to those rendered by their present Member, Mr. Dickinson. While in prison he had learnt, and had documents to show, that the independent Member, as he was called, rented a light house in the British channel from Government, and which brought him a profit of 2 to 3000*l.* a year. He had also 1,500*l.* a year as colonel of the yeomanry. When one of his tenants asked that Member lately to use some interest in behalf of his son, he replied, that he could not ask a favour of the Ministry, as he was so decidedly in opposition to them; but he Mr. Hunt, thought his answer, as an honest man, should have been, that as he was asking so much for himself, he could not venture to ask any thing for others.

Mr. Hunt, Sir Charles Wolseley, and Mr. Northmore then went into the barouche, and set out at half-past eleven for Glastonbury, preceded by sixty gentlemen on horseback, and followed by a few carriages, and the populace on foot. At Somerton the procession arrived at one, where it was received by more than a thousand people, with general acclamations.

Mr. Hunt addressed a few words of thanks to his kind friends. He said he was proud of the manner in which they met—the occasion was joyful, though (as he called them) the black sheep had prevented the church bells from being rung. He was not annoyed by their petty malice; as there were bells rung in honour of his liberation—aye, hundreds of bells, which were not paid for by tithes. After partaking of some refreshment at the house of Mr. Andrews, the procession set out for Glastonbury, where it arrived at four o'clock.

Glastonbury, Four o'clock.—The liberation of Mr. Hunt seems to have made a greater sensation here than at Ilchester. The people who have collected are of a better class, and many parties of well-dressed women, escorted by their friends, have gone forward to meet the procession. The hills surrounding the town are numerous, and anxious groups are stationed upon them looking out. The effect is exceedingly picturesque. The bells of the churches were suffered to be rung after some contest among the authorities; but Mr. Hunt's party has prevailed. Some alarms, whether real or pretended, are excited, and the precaution of swearing in 83 special constables is taken.—the Huntites say most unnecessarily, and that they are more likely to break the peace than to keep it.

The procession has just arrived. As it came along it received a great increase of strength, and as it enters here there are at least 3,000 people with it, extending the whole length of the town, and for some distance on the Ilchester road. It stopped at the George Inn, and a loud shout was given by the multitude. After Sir C. Wolseley and Mr. Northmore left the carriage, Mr. Hunt took off his hat, bowed to the crowd, and thus addressed them:—"I am once more amongst you, my friends, after my confinement in Ilchester Bastille (*huzza*.) What have our tyrants got by sending me to the Bastille? Why, it has given you the opportunity of giving each of them a kick in the breech for their

folly (*laughter and cheers*). I understand the clergyman has ordered one of the bell-ropes to be cut. Why, if all the bells in town were ringing, we could not hear them from the louder voice of the people (*hear*). This was done by the Corporation of Glastonbury—Corporation, indeed! (*a laugh*). They have also ordered eighty special constables to be sworn. Why, I am now going to hold my Court Leet, and to swear in my constables, and I shall order mine, if any one of the other constables misconduct himself, to take him immediately into custody; even if the Mayor should not behave himself, I will take him into custody.

(Some interruption at this moment took place, and a voice from the crowd expressed dissent.)

"Let him alone," said Mr. Hunt, "he is a slave, and the only slave, this day here among thousands of the people. In taking leave of you all I have to request is, that you will be merry and wise, and separate peaceably."

Mr. Hunt then descended from the barouche, and proceeded to a room in the inn, where his deputy, Mr. Haly, had the necessary forms gone through to open the Court Leet. It was rather an amusing spectacle to see the man just liberated from a prison for a breach of the peace presiding at this Court, and swearing officers to maintain good order. The necessary solemnity was faithfully preserved. Warrants having been previously issued to all the parties concerned, Mr. Hunt proceeded to hold the Court Leet of the Manor of Glastonbury and hundred of Glaston twelve hides, and to appoint all the peace officers of the hundred, in virtue of his power as Lord of the Manor, and which right is annually invested in him. He appointed accordingly the following officers:—two high constables of the hundred; two constables of the town of Glastonbury; one titling man for the divisions of Edgerly, Baltonbury, West Januad, Norwood, West Bradley, West Omanholt, North Woden, North Load, Badcome, Eastsheet, and Ayle Sand. After the several officers were sworn, Mr. Hunt addressed them to the following effect:—"As this is the first time I have assembled you, I think it necessary to say a few words on your duties. You are to consider that you act on behalf of the King, and as it is his duty to protect the people, I advise you always to act with mildness and humanity, and in executing all warrants, not to exceed the necessary severity of the Law. The Law as it is, is severe enough I know what it is to be under its lash. It is your duty, and I charge you in the name of the King to treat every prisoner as if he were innocent, as the law of the land considers him innocent until he is proved to be guilty. I wish the constables of Glaston twelve hides, to be extremely impartial in the warning of Jurors. They are not on any account to listen to Sheriffs, or to yield to any influence, but to follow the dictates of their own conscience. If you neglect your duty, you are liable to be fined by the magistrates, as well as being amenable to me. You all know I get nothing by this; my ancestors had the Manor conferred on them by former Kings, and as I stand in their shoes, I am obliged in duty to attend and keep up the privilege they have handed down to me. One thing more, as perhaps, as your Lord is now at liberty, you may be inclined to rejoice this evening, I trust your conduct will be peaceable, and that you will prevent any person, either high or low, from creating any disturbance. I now adjourn you." The Court was then broken up.

## THE DINNER.

At six o'clock about sixty gentlemen sat down to dinner, in the largest room of the George Inn. Mr. Northmore was called to the chair; and on his right Mr. Hunt was placed.

When the cloth was removed, the chairman gave the first toast, which was drunk with acclamation, "The People, the source of legitimate power."

A letter from Mr. James Mann, the Reformer of Leeds, inclosing an address from that town; was read, and the Address presented by Mr. Northmore to Mr. Hunt.

The chairman gave the next toast—"the King, and may he never forget the admonition of Lord Chancellor Fortescue to King Edward—the power was given by the people, and for the people" (*loud applause*.)

Sir C. Wolseley presented an address to Mr. Hunt on behalf of the Reformers of Manchester and of the Bolton Union, which were both worded in a style of the most lavish encomium.

The Silver Flagon and Salver, presented by the Freeholders of the County, were delivered in form by the Gentlemen of the Committee.

The chairman rose and said, Gentlemen, I see that you are impatient to hear the toast that I am about to announce. I need not expatiate on the merits of Mr. Hunt—you all know them, and the country knows them. I need not speak of them; for

"When Phoebus does his beams display—

To tell men plainly that 'tis day,"

is to presume they're blind. He has never deviated from the principles of public virtue. Has he ever flinched from his duty to the country

from a dread of the consequences? If we look at him at Manchester, or at his trial at York—if we regard him among the wretches of the 16th of August, or among the persecuting men, mis-called Ministers of the Gospel, we shall find his public character ever the same—ever worthy of our commendation. If we see him in a dungeon—breathing that salubrious air in that prison which, like another Warwick, is to be held out as the admiration of the world amongst its holy and spiritual managers—in that gaol, governed by a man who, they say, was too good for his office, and whose humanity was displayed in famine and blisters (*continued laughing*)—we find him unchanged and persevering (*bravo!*) He has suffered all this for being found guilty of—what only of one-half a count of the indictment! A crown extent has also been issued against his property on the very spot where we now stand, for having given to the people a wholesome powder for breakfast. From the persecutions he has undergone, I am satisfied in saying the sentence was against the man, and not, the crime (*"It was!" "shame!"*) It was the vengeance of the oligarchy pursuing him; for as the old poet says, "Deep within their hearts, rankling vengeance lies, and must be satisfied." But I trust it has been the last effort of that party, and that it will prove but the last flame of a dying despotism (*applause*). To prove that such a sentence and aggravation of the punishment was contrary to the spirit of the Constitution, the Hon. Gentleman read several extracts from Blackstone and other legal authorities. In them (*he continued*) you will find nothing about rules or regulations of Magistrates—not one word on solitary confinement (*bravo*). In my opinion, Mr. Hunt deserved reward, and not punishment—(*"he did!"*), much less the aggravation of it. He was deprived of the light of the sun, and of fresh air. The society of his friends was denied him, even to that of his own son. In their malice they tried to smoke him out by a new furnace; but the Somerset magistrates are most unfortunate folks, for instead of injuring him, the furnace smoked out his evil genius (*cheers*). By that cheer I judge you want me to tell you who that evil genius was?—(*yes*). Depend upon it he was a clergyman, and what is more than getting him out, his own plans have had the effect of smoking the gaol altogether away (*applause*). An old book says, "that oppression makes a wise man mad," but it has had the contrary effect on our friend Mr. Hunt. He has come out of prison a perfect Sampson, for he has pulled the temple of Dagon upon the heads of his enemies. In one respect he has even exceeded Sampson, for he killed himself as well as his enemies; but Mr. Hunt is alive and merry, and ready still to fight the battles of his country's freedom (*loud applause*) And as I said before this day, he is doubly rewarded by his own conscience and your approbation. I will conclude by proposing his health, and at the same time calling his notice to the piece of plate which the Freeholders of the County have sent him (*bravo*).

Mr. Hunt's health was then given, with nine times nine; the cheering continued for many minutes. When order was restored, Mr. Hunt mounted the table, and thus spoke:—"Gentlemen, to attempt to thank you for the honour you have done me, in language corresponding to my feelings, is impossible. I am truly proud of the kindness you have favoured me with, and it has sunk so deep into my breast that it can never be eradicated (*cheers*). After the eloquent speech of Mr. Northmore, it would be presuming in me to occupy your time. There is one compliment which he has paid, and which, I think, is but doing me justice—that of never flinching from public duty, when called upon by the people (*applause*). You may, perhaps, wish to know how it happens that I am so frequently attacked by men who have liberty on their tongues, but malice in their hearts. I will tell you. There are many men who are jealous of the public approbation that is bestowed on me. Another powerful incentive is, that many of them are men who are anxious to get their sentiments published; and, as they have no influence on the public press, they attack me; certain, that whatever they write against me will be readily inserted, both by Whig and Tory papers. Let me not be understood to speak ill of the press—since I have been in Ilchester gaol it has done me justice. If it had not been for it the people would not so generally have known my situation; and, had it not been for the press and the people, I believe that my fate was decided, and that I should never have seen you here this day (*hear, hear, hear*). As to what I have suffered, gentlemen, when a man embarks in public life, or is laid hold of by the emissaries of Government, he must make up his mind to bear up against it, and struggle the best he can, (*hear*). When I was in trial at York; the jury brought, after five hours' deliberation, a verdict of Guilty on half a count only. The cunning and artful Judge sent them back, and I was acquitted on all the serious part of the accusation, and found guilty on the mildest count of the indictment—that of attending a seditious Meeting; for that have I suffered two years and six months incarceration (*shame*). Here is my excellent friend, Sir C. Wolsley, who was also confined for eighteen months for attending what was called a seditious meeting; but he fell among humane people and worthy Magistrates in Berkshire. You all, perhaps, know how I was treated; I will, however, give you a few particulars. There never was one iota of charge of misconduct ever brought against me or any of my friends; yet, before three months, the Ma-

gistrates made four different orders to exclude them and annoy me. It was a constant system of harrassing and vexation until I preferred charges and brought down a Commission from the Crown to investigate the abuses of the prison. The Commission was composed of two Ministerial supporters and a nephew of a noble Lord; and I have no hesitation in saying, that they came down with the determination of reporting that the charges which I preferred were false and that the gaoler was an ill used man (*shame*). On the first day they arrived, they showed that they were determined to carry that point. I was locked up in my cell, and wrote several letters to them; but could not get an answer. The prisoners that Bridle wished to produce were called up, and they, of course, said that the charges, as far as "they were concerned," were all false. As the examination proceeded, however, the other prisoners refused to be called up unless Mr. Hunt was present (*applause*). There is one of them present. There he is, poor Charles Hill, at the end of the room; ask him if it is not as I say? He was confined in Ilchester Bastille, for sixteen years, for a debt of 34l. due on some Government account! And if I had not been there to see justice done him, he would have died there. Well, then, they made me pay for the charges of the six weeks examination, at an expence of 300l. out of my own pocket, and at the end of these six weeks, the Commission returned to London, and in their Report said, that all the charges I had brought, were more or less confirmed (*bravo*). At the sessions, the magistrates made regulations, which Mr. Justice Best affixed his seal to; and in consequence of them I was locked up for 40 days and nights in solitary confinement. I suffered from a cramp in my chest, and my surgeon even was not admitted to see me (*shame*). In the discussion of the Magistrates relative to the admission of my surgeon, the chief opponents were the two clergymen. An order, after a time, came from the King's Bench for my relief. Since that time I have been treated with the greatest kindness by the present Governor, Mr. Hardy. He has done his duty manfully, both by the country and by me (*bravo*). He had his instructions, to which he literally conformed, but never exceeded them (*applause*). Every night at dark I was locked up in my cell. For 896 nights I was placed in strict confinement, without a friend being allowed to see me at night. All this, however, has not broken an Englishman's spirit (*"nor ever shall!"*); never for one moment have I despaired of bringing my prosecutors to justice. I never had a melancholy moment, as I could always see, in the working of events, that my enemies would be beaten, and the country interfere in my behalf (*applause*). In the spirit of a Christian, notwithstanding all they have done to prosecute me, I forgive the Magistrates for what personal injury they have done me. But as long as I live—so help me, Heaven! I never will forgive them for the cruelties they have committed towards others of my fellow countrymen (*cheers*). With regard to the very handsome plate which I have the honour to receive, I feel the flattering compliment paid me. I will hand it down as an heir-loom in my family, and give it to my children as an excitement to them to persevere in the cause of public liberty (*cheers*). My sons may live to see their father sacrificed on the block; and if they do, the last instruction I will give them will be to stand up for the cause of public liberty. I certainly am not much afraid that such a fate is intended for me, though I know what a despotic Government can do—they can prefer a charge when they please, provide a Jury for their own purpose, and put me to death at any time; but the question is, would it be political in them to do so? They well know it would not, and that if my blood was to flow on the scaffold, it would be a signal for theirs—(*hear, hear*). By all the figurative language I have used this day, I only mean that we ask for what our forefathers enjoyed, and that every man who contributes to the public wealth or safety should have a voice in the Representation (*hear*). If the persecutions against the people and against the spirit of the constitution are still to be carried on—and if the people of England cannot recover their rights by law, they are by the Constitution entitled to recover them by force—at least it is so laid down by the old constitutional lawyers. I hope it will never come to that; as it could not be justified as long as the power of petitioning is preserved to us—that we still have, though perhaps a little restrained by the operation of the six Acts (*hear*). There is nothing like petitions. The moment I came out of goal this morning, I went to what are called my old tricks (*a laugh*), and set about a requisition for a meeting of this county. And if there be a county meeting, I pledge myself to attend, and I can also answer for my friend near me, Mr. Northmore, (*bravo*). Some of you can recollect the public meetings at Wells and at Bridge-water. If we meet in the same manner, we shall put all namby-pamby politicians aside, and do something effectual. Are you then willing to sign a requisition? (*we are*) I find, Gentleman, that I am rather weak; and really I have been so long in a dungeon, and unused to speak much, that I feel a lack of words—I hitch and stumble, and cannot get on, but you all know me, and will take the will for the deed (*we will*). I have got my securities one at each side, Sir Charles Wolsley and Mr. Northmore. They are bound for my good behaviour; but they, I hope, think that good behaviour will consist in exposing the enemies of the country, and in resisting tyranny (*cheers*). I return you thanks again for your kindness, and will conclude by proposing the health of our worthy Chairman Mr. Northmore.



The toast was drunk with acclamation.

Mr. Northmore said he had had frequently the honour of addressing public meetings, at London and in Devonshire, but never with the same feelings by which he was affected at that moment. It was 400 years since his immediate ancestors had left Glastonbury to reside in Devonshire and was the cause of the most interesting sensations to find himself the first of his family meeting, in political union, the descendants of the fellow citizens of his ancestry in the very place of their former residence (applause.) It was gratifying to him and the Meeting to say, that the cause for which they were struggling was the same for which their ancestors had bled and suffered—a cause for which even King's had suffered. Though he had not the pleasure of being long acquainted with the gentlemen around him, his feelings were cordial towards them, as he was convinced that their sentiments were congenial on the great question of Reform. (applause.) Among the attacks lately made on that question, the speech of Mr. Canning, at Liverpool, was most prominent. He held a report of that speech, and he would read a few extracts, and comment upon them. (The hon. Gentleman read the most important passages, of Mr. Canning's speech, and proceeded at great length to adduce arguments in refutation. In the course of these observations, he displayed much ingenuity, constitutional research, and a powerful tone of mind. He introduced several legal questions, and referred to the opinions of our constitutional writers.)

Mr. Northmore did not complain of the Tories being the only enemies to Reform in this country. In his opinion, the Whigs were equally so, and as much interested in supporting rotten boroughs and corruption. They quarrelled with one another for the loaves and fishes, but always became united to defend themselves from the attacks of Reformers (applause.) He denied that the reformers wished to do away with a tripartite Government and substitute a single instrument. He also denied that there was at this moment a tripartite Government at all, as the King and the people were equally enslaved by the Borough faction (cheers.) With regard to the addition to the Representation of Yorkshire, he was not prepared to say that he would satisfy the country or stop the progress of Reform there. Should Mr. Fawkes or any Reformer there be content, because their Members were double? It might as well be said if two rotten apples were given, we should be satisfied when two more were offered; or that when Canning was added to Castlereagh that all public discontent ought to cease (laughing and applause.) He was disposed to let them have the true reading of Mr. Canning's story of the red lion. It was thus:—A painter who would only paint a red lion, was asked to prepare a sign for an inn-keeper. He was willing to do so. The landlord wished a white bear to swing at his door. The artist would only design a red lion. The landlord rejoined, and the painter replied. The former was the most obstinate, and the artist at length gave in with saying—"I'll paint you a white bear if you please, but there is not a man in the town who will not call it a red lion." (laughing.) The red lion he considered to be Ministerial economy, which could not be for so long a time got rid of, or ever would be, until displaced by the white bear of reformation (applause.) Much had been said of continental struggles. He agreed with old Harrington, that if one state of Europe was free, all will be free; and if France ever becomes the country of liberty, England shall then be free. It was said that the people had an organ through its House of Representatives. It was an organ to be sure; but it had been for some time cracked, and every one knew how disagreeable the sound of a cracked organ was. It was like some fine performer commencing Handel's Hallelujah Chorus, and suddenly breaking off into four flats. This public organ, and those who have disarranged it, reminded him of an organ which he had, when a boy, at his father's house. He suddenly heard a great crash, and on examination found that a great rat had eaten his way to the very centre, through the bellows. There he sat, as fat as a pensioner on the Treasury Benches, and he also slipped away with the cunning of all similar vermin (applause and laughter.) As to the influence of the public press, it could never lead opinions if opposed to the people. It had its value only when conducted on fair and liberal principles. In Austria and other countries, where it was disregarded, all that it could do was totally fettered. Mr. Northmore proceeded to read several legal authorities in the Constitution and principles of legislation, and after some further comments on Mr. Canning's speech, thus concluded:

Mr. Canning well knows that useless places are not the proof of a good government; that taxation is not a dispensation of Providence; and that a national debt is not a mine of wealth, or rotten boroughs the admiration of the whole world." This speech was received with considerable applause.

Mr. Hunt again rose, to propose the health of Sir Charles Wolseley who was one of his bail in the sum of 500l. for his good behaviour, and was also a fellow sufferer of his.—(Three times three)

Sir Charles Wolseley said—Gentlemen, I feel proud to receive this distinguished mark of your approbation. I am a mere matter of fact man, and can only thank you very sincerely for the honour you have done me. You will believe me when I say that I shall continue to act as I have hitherto done, and as a country gentleman should do, who is determined to

stand up for the rights and liberties of his countrymen (applause) Had I not even been acquainted with Mr. Hunt, or an admirer of his political conduct, I would have been here this day to express my dejection at once of the most unmerciful sentences ever visited on so slight an offence,—if offence it was at all (applause.) I see no county gentlemen (as they are called) here to day. No; they are frightened out of their wits;—they are hiding under their wives' petticoats, lest they should be taken by some of your Somerset men by the nose (laughing.) As to your clergymen, Coulson and Thrings, they are despised from one part of the country to the other. I am quite weak, I am almost bent; indeed, I was actually so the other day by a Somerset man; but thereby hangs tale, and I hope to trim his jacket yet.

The Chairman next gave as a toast, "The Somersetshire Freeholders, and the Committee who got up this dinner."

Mr. Perrott, a farmer of Middlezoy, of some property in the county, rose to return thanks as a Member of the Committee. He would assure the company that the Committee felt the greatest pleasure in performing the duty which was entrusted to them, and that in turn, it gave them the greatest satisfaction to find that matters had been so conducted as to ensure general satisfaction. It gave him pride to have the pleasure of knowing Mr. Hunt—he knew him as a heavy sufferer in the cause of Reform—sympathizing in the cause as well as in Mr. Hunt's fate (for he, Mr. Perrott, had been himself a sufferer;) he should always remember this day with the highest satisfaction. Mr. Hunt's sentence and imprisonment had given them an opportunity of knowing some Judges and some Reverend Magistrates; and that they had been so much of both, that he should, in the warmth of his heart, exclaim—"From Somerset born Judges, and Parsoning Magistrates, good Lord deliver us!"—(The allusion to the Somerset born Judge, was said at the table to have reference to the Judge who signed the Magistrates' Goal Resolutions at Ilchester.)

Mr. Oliver Hayward (of Mudford, near Ilchester) said that he felt himself peculiarly situated. As a Member of the Committee, it was his duty to return thanks; and yet he could himself truly say, that he derived as much satisfaction from all that had that day occurred as any other man could enjoy who had thronged around Mr. Hunt. He then said that there was a time, when, so far from coalescing with Mr. H. he, on the contrary, was strongly prejudiced against him: these prejudices remained very strongly rivetted upon his mind, until the trial at York; of that he knew nothing, except what was published in the Ministerial Papers; and even in those, garbled, as no doubt they were, to serve political purposes, he saw, at the time, quite enough to alter the previous opinion he had entertained of Mr. Hunt; that gentleman's conduct at the York trial, the nature of the evidence against him, the mode of handling it, and above all, his admirable and most consistent defence, at once pointed out Mr. Hunt to him; as an injured and most oppressed individual. When therefore Mr. Hunt was brought to Ilchester, near which place he (Mr. Hayward) lived, he was anxious to pay to him his personal respects, and assure him of total alteration which further observation on his conduct had occasioned in his mind. Being in this predicament, his only difficulty was how to open an access, with propriety, to a gentleman with whom he was entirely unacquainted; and after waiting for some time in vain to find a friend who could introduce him, he at length took the step of introducing himself to Mr. Hunt; he went to the bastille, and did perform the office of his own introduction, without ceremony, and was received in the warmest and most candid manner. From that time to this, he had lost no opportunity of cultivating Mr. Hunt's friendly acquaintance (applause.)

Mr. Hunt assured the company that he had derived the utmost satisfaction and comfort from the society and friendly offices of Mr. Perrott and Hayward. They had always anticipated his wants, and contributed all that was in their power to alleviate the privations of his imprisonment (applause.)

The Chairman next gave "The Clergy, who practise as well as preach good-will towards man, and a service of perfect freedom;" and here observed, that he could say little generally of the great higher classes of the Clergy; they had amassed great wealth, and that occupation (namely self-enrichment,) was inconsistent with a due discharge of pastoral duties. The Chairman referred to a pamphlet recently published which set forth the whole amount of the church property all over the world, and by that statement it appeared, the amount held by the church of this country exceeded the portion possessed by the rest of the church throughout the universe (a cry of "They are too rich we all know").

The Chairman next gave, "May the Whigs have the sense to give up their boroughs voluntarily." He said he hoped they would take this step as a preliminary to their putting in a claim for the confidence of the people. It appeared to him rather odd how these Whigs coalesced with their opponents, whenever their borough interests were affected? for instance, the moment he exerted for Exeter, the two persons who managed that place between them, and who were always cutting

each other's throats before at once cordially united to "keep out Beelzebub;" for they alike looked upon him as one ascending from the infernal regions, and who was entitled to no quarter from either (a laugh). This rivited the opinion which he had always held, that a Tory was a downright rogue, and a Whig nothing but a hypocrite (cry of, "Tis true, they are so.")

The Chairman: An English poet has said, "That an honest man is the noblest work of God." I shall now give you three honest men—Major Cartwright, Mr. Alderman Wood, and Mr. Wooler. These healths were drunk with loud applause.

He next gave the health of Sir Charles Bampffield.

Mr. Hunt remarked, that the moment Sir Charles had received a communication from him respecting the severity of his treatment in prison, he came over at once and took every pains in his power to mitigate that treatment. It was right he should also add that Sir T. Cammeyer had called upon him to disavow all participation in the conduct of the county magistrates, with respect to the harsh rules they had adopted.

The next toast was, "The Radicals who have suffered, and are suffering for the good cause."

Then came, "Spain, Greece, Portugal, and America, and the cause of freedom all over the world."

The Chairman prefaced his toast by remarking that he had an intimate knowledge of Spain, where he always knew that the soldiers felt for the people. It was generally true of the soldiery, that in places where they were kept carefully pent up in barracks, they lost all identity with the people; but where they were left in communion with the bulk of the nation to which they belonged, they always partook of the national spirit, and refused to be made the tools of despotism. Whenever Spain was free, Portugal would be free.

The spirit of freedom was contagious, and would spread from nation to nation throughout the civilized world. Why were not the Greeks assisted during their present struggle? because the boroughmongers suppressed the energies of Englishmen (applause).

The Chairman then gave the last toast on his list, which was, "No taxation without the consent of the people." This he said was real and strict law; it was so declared and delivered by a statute as old as Edward the 6th, and also by Lord Coke: their solemn declaration was, that no taxes could be levied but for "the defence of the realm and the general profit thereof."

Sir Charles Wolseley begged, before the company broke up, they would permit him to drink to the health of the Northern Union—an association of the utmost use to the cause of Reform: they ought to adopt it as a model for a similar society in the South. As Treasurer of the Northern Union, he could assure them that the remittances of small subscriptions from the honest Reformers of Lancashire was uniform and constant and would be of the greatest use.—(A cry of "Success to the Penny Subscription" was then general.) The Meeting broke up at eleven o'clock.

At eleven o'clock on Thursday morning Mr. Hunt, accompanied by Sir Charles Wolseley, Mr. Northmore, and Mr. Hunt, jun. set out in their barouche from Glastonbury, through Shipton-Mallet, to Frome, and proceeded from thence on Friday to Warminster; he was expected to reach Middleton Cottage, his own residence, on Friday night. In the course of the journey Mr. Hunt was greeted loudly by different crowds of people who were attracted to the line of the procession. Mr. Hunt thanked his friends for their zeal and marks of attention, and proceeded onwards to his own house at a more rapid pace than that at which the cavalcade moved when advancing to Glastonbury. Mr. Hunt appeared anxious to reach the end of his journey, as he said he had to keep Saturday open for himself to shoot his Sunday's dinner.

#### LATE EUROPE DEATHS.

On the 18th of Nov. the Rev. Spring Cashborne, of Pakenham, Suffolk, vicar of Old Newton; at Watford, Stephen Ardresiof, Esq. aged 70; aged 27, Christina, wife of Mr. Joseph Vigevana, of Bishopsgate-street Without; at Blonstille-Greenwich, aged 58, John Fielder, Esq. Surveyor to his Majesty's Forces; at Dorchester, Captain Edward Robert Lambert, H. F. 21st Fusiliers, and late of the 64th foot; at Aberdeen, John Brine, M. D., of Teignmouth, Devon, and late of Cavendish-square, London; at Brompton, aged 70, Mrs. Mary Anne Catts, widow of the late Robert Catts, of the E. I. Co.'s Service; at Elham, aged 47, Lieutenant James Lawrence, late of the 13th Light Dragoons; at Clay-hill, Enfield, on the day of its birth, the infant child of Edward Harman, Esq.; in Great Russell street, Bloomsbury, Vynor Snell, Esq. of Whitley-court, Gloucestershire; at London Wall, aged 84, Mr. Thomas Wiltshire; on Saturday, the 23d of Nov. at his sister's Southwood House, Higgate, George Longman, Esq.

#### On Hindoo Proselytism, &c.

SIR,

To the Editor of the Asiatic Journal.

In confirmation of what we have stated in your Journal for June last respecting Proselytism among the Hindoos, we beg leave to offer the following extract from the Asiatic Researches, vol. XI, p. 122:

"The Hindús insist, that their's is the universal religion of the world, and that the others are only deviations from the Mother Church. In India are found the four grand classes, the three first of which are entitled to the benefit of regeneration; all the rest of mankind belong to the fifth class, branching out into an innumerable variety of tribes. The idea that the Hindús admit of no proselytes, arises from our not understanding the principles of that religion: we belong to it, though in a humble station; it requires no admission of course, and we are entitled to all the benefits and advantages which this Mother Church offers to us. We may pray; perform the *pújá*; have the *homa* offered for us, for our relations and friends, paying for the same, as the other Hindús; we may have a Brahman for our *puróhite*, or chaplain and almoner."

As the essay from which this is extracted was written by a gentleman of great learning, and who has given up a large portion of his life to Hindoo researches, we cannot on this subject wish for better authority.

In reference to our essay in the Journal of last month, respecting the descendants *Geté*, we are from the following circumstances much inclined to believe that the *Ghickars* and *Gujars*, two tribes well known in the north of India, are also descended from that people, or from some other Tartar nation.

We read in Dow's History of Hindostan, vol. I, page 146, that, in the year 1203, "during the residence of Mahommed Ghori at Lahore, the *Gickers*, who inhabited the country from that branch of the Indus which is called the Nilab, up to the foot of the Mountains of Sewalic, began to exercise unheard-of cruelties upon the Mussulmen: so that the communication between the provinces of Peshawir and Multan was entirely cut off. These *Gickers* were a race of wild barbarians, without either religion or morality. It was a custom among them, as soon as a female child was born, to carry her to the market-place, and there proclaim aloud, holding the child in one hand, and a knife in the other, that any person who wanted a wife might now take her, otherwise she was immediately put to death: by this means they had more men than women, which occasioned the custom of several husbands to one wife. When this wife was visited by one of her husbands, she set up a mark at the door, which being observed by any of the others, he immediately withdrew."

"This barbarous people continued to make incursions upon the Mohammedans, till, in the latter end of the Emperor's reign, their chieftain was converted to the Mussulman faith by one of his captives. He, upon the change of principles, addressed the King, who advised him to endeavour to convert his people; and at the same time honoured him with a title and a dress, and confirmed him in the command of the mountains. A great part of these mountaineers being very indifferent about religion, followed the opinions of their chief, and acknowledged the true faith. At the same time about 400,000 of the inhabitants of Terabha (Terahyeh), who inhabited the mountains between Ghizni and the Indus, were converted, some by force and others by inclination."

Of the *Gujars* we have less information, and therefore some doubts as to their origin; but suppose, from the similarity of name, that they were one of the numerous tribes of Gujerat who have emigrated into the Punjab, and have at times obtained considerable power. Many of them have been converted to the Sikh religion, and it is said that, although Nanis prohibited his followers from eating *hog's flesh*, his successors were obliged to tolerate it, from considerations of indulgence to the numerous converts of the *Ját* and *Gujar* tribes, among whom the wild hog is a favourite species of food. In page 504, of the Account of Canbol, it appears that a number of them have also been converted to the Mahomedan religion.

The *Ghickers* are frequently mentioned in history, and are particularly noticed in Rennell's Memoir of the Map of Hindostan. Our knowledge of the *Gujars* is limited, but it is from their easy conversion, that we think they could never have been worshippers of the Hindu Triad, while it is well known that the Tartars and other Buddhists have been very tractable on this subject.

Probably some of your correspondents residing in India may favour us with a further account of these two tribes.

December, 1822.

Y. Z.

\* As we have compared this passage with an excellent copy of *Ferishta*, we can vouch for the translation being a very fair one, except the number, which is not stated in our copy. In the course of our inquiries, we shall probably be able to discover more of the *Terahyeh*.

† See Sir John Malcolm's Sketch of the Sikhs, Asiatic Researches, vol. XI.

‡ While Mr. Elphinstone was encamped at Hassan Abdan he received a letter from the *Sultan* of the *Gickers*, and a present of grapes which grew wild in his country.



# ASIATIC DEPARTMENT.

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## The Lord of Doubts.

To the Editor of the Journal.

SIR,

The Lord Chancellor is so delighted with the titillation of doubting, that he would allow nobody to doubt but himself, if he had the prerogative of issuing licenses for that purpose. It will never be said of *Eldon's Doubts*, as of *Dirleton's*, that they are better than other men's certainties, though they had the power, in the cases of Lord Byron's Cain, and Lawrence's Lectures, to decide suits of great importance to the parties and to the public. He now maintains that a Grand Jury have no right to doubt. "They have to consider," he says, "whether the case is sufficiently clear; my business is to consider whether it is sufficiently doubtful. Now when a Grand Jury find a true bill, they cannot think it clear that the prisoner is guilty, for they have only heard the evidence on one side, and the prisoner must be presumed to be innocent until convicted by the Petty Jury. It is because they think his innocence sufficiently doubtful that they send him for trial to a petty jury. But the Lord Chancellor hears both sides of the question with immitable patience. (Query, whether that excellent gift is more needful and meritorious in him or the suitors?) and finally arrives at a state of sufficient doubtfulness. Surely he might spare a little faculty of doubting to the Grand Jury, who hear only one side! Shakespeare's last stage in human life is "sans every thing," but in the case of Lord Eldon, we may safely predict that it will not be *sans doute*. It is to be hoped that his physicians will not decide his case by their doubts.

N. N.

## The Mermaid Discussed.

To the Editor of the Journal.

SIR,

It is a singular coincidence that just at the very time we have a Mermaid exhibiting here, we should receive an account of a similar exhibition at home. Some doubts have arisen in the minds of many persons here as to the genuineness of these "wonders of the world" the Mermaid and the Sea Monster, whilst others again who have seen and examined them, maintain, that they are unquestionably productions of Nature. At home it would appear that the Sceptics have brought the matter to an issue in this way: If, say they, the production is natural, submit it to the only test of demonstration—dissection, which can be effected without injury to the figure, for the purposes of exhibition. But as the owners of the wonder have refused to admit of the application of this test, it is assumed, and not unreasonably, that the curiosity (and such it really is, whether natural or artificial) is only another specimen of Japanese ingenuity, as they are celebrated for timpositions of this kind.

It has been asserted by an anonymous writer in the JOURNAL, that the Mermaid and Sea Monster's Head exhibiting here, are evidently artificial, and that the latter in particular is a stupid attempt at imposition; but it appears from a paragraph in your JOURNAL of the 15th, that you have received from a Medical gentleman the most positive assurance that these curiosities are natural productions. The Mermaid exhibiting in London, was also pronounced on the authority of the Medical men who examined it at the Cape, to be a genuine production of Nature, but nevertheless it is considered by those who have seen it in London to be artificial—"Who shall decide when Doctors disagree!" The fact is, that the Medical gentlemen at home, do not conceive that mere ocular demonstration is sufficient to decide the question at issue; and indeed it does appear somewhat difficult to imagine, in what respect their opinion, deduced from such a source, is entitled to more weight than that of any other person who has been accustomed to behold and compare artificial, with natural productions. If indeed, the Medical gentleman had informed us, that he was permitted to use the dissecting knife, and that he had traced the junction of the bones and muscles of the human species with those of the fish; that he had examined carefully the whole internal structure of this extraordinary production; that he perceived in it every thing necessary for its submarine

existence, and the most undeniable evidence, that the whole was once in animation; then indeed, we might be accused with justice of "obstinate incredulity," if we should still express a doubt as to the genuineness of the Mermaid and the Monster's Head. But defective as the evidence in their favour now is, and indeed overbalanced as it is, by that which makes against them, we may well, I think, be forgiven for a little scepticism on the subject.

To day again, however, we are presented in your JOURNAL with a Notarial Document to prove, that the Mermaid exhibiting at Messrs. Davies and Co's. is genuine, together "with a Note of the Learned Translator and eminent Anatomist who after a careful examination &c." pronounced that opinion of it. But what does this Notarial Document assert, or what does it prove? why it asserts that the curiosity was brought from Japan, and the deponents swear it is genuine.—Why? because they have compared it with other articles of the same description, from the same place. Did any one ever hear of such an inference from such data? When it is known that the Japanese are dealers in these kinds of imposition, and as the London Editor observes, "there is hardly a Naturalist of eminence in Europe who has not in the shape of birds, fishes, and insects had experiments of this kind made upon his science and curiosity from the same ingenious mart." If this be true, the circumstance of the Mermaid being accompanied by other articles of a similar description, "merely proves, that the Japanese find the trade of imposing the productions of their ingenuity on the credulous, as wonders of Nature, a thriving one, and therefore deal in it by wholesale. This is all that the Notarial document proves; except indeed, that the gentleman who brought these curiosities, the Mermaid and Devil's Head, to Calcutta, and the Exhibitors of them have not desigurdly attempted to impose on the public; and I verily believe that there is not the slightest foundation for such a suspicion. It does not seem to me that any stronger proof of this can be required than the fact of so large a sum as 9000 Rupees having been refused for these curiosities by the owner of them; if he did not sincerely believe them to be natural productions why run the risk of detection by a public exhibition, when he could pocket a larger profit without doing so?

But, after all, where is this place, this Oiraga where these Monsters were found; even our latest books on Geography mention it not; nor does any one seem to know where it is. They say it is on the coast of Japan; but where? those who have been there, know it not; nor does it appear in any Map or Chart. Again, how does it happen that these wonders of the world, honour Japan only, with their presence? Can any one tell us what particular attraction there is in the climate, or in what respect the waters of the ocean, that wash the shores of Japan, are so peculiarly calculated for the abode of these Marine Monsters? Does not the examination of the gentleman skilled in anatomy, if it enables him to pronounce them natural productions, also afford some clue to their natural history? Do they live by preying on small fish, or how? are they amphibious, or do they live entirely in the waters of the ocean? and how above all, do they propagate their species? These are questions that might at least be, conjecturally, if not positively, answered, by a professional gentleman, whose examination has been so minute as to enable him to declare that these marine wonders are really natural productions.

Adverting once more to the test of dissection, it seems to me the only means of setting at rest for ever the doubts as to the genuineness of the Mermaid; and if, as the London Editor asserts, this test can be applied without injuring these Curiosities for the purpose of exhibition, why not let it be done privately; then if the result should confirm the opinion of the Medical Gentleman alluded to by you, it would of course immediately be made known, settle a long debated question, and amply reward the risk incurred by the Owner of the Mermaid. If, on the other hand, the dissection should decide this Monstrous object, to be only a most extraordinary specimen of Japanese ingenuity, why then it would be only necessary to close up ingeniously the apertures made by the dissecting knives and say no more about the matter till the receipts for the exhibition of these curiosities should

amount to a sum sufficient to satisfy the just expectations of the importer of them, when the discovery of the deception ought to be made known. I do not conceive that in this case, those who paid to see this supposed natural curiosity would have any just cause of complaint; because they will have been gratified to the full extent of their expectations for the time; and the sight of the objects exhibited, is worth the money paid for it, even if they are not natural, but merely wonderful specimens of the ingenuity of a people about whom we are by no means well informed, and who are by many considered a semi-barbarous race.

It is perhaps too much to expect that an individual would incur the risk of losing a chance of gain, for the sake of deciding a disputed question in natural history; but as he has already most probably realized a considerable sum by the exhibition of the Mermaid, it may be concluded, that the owner of it would now be willing to dispose of it for less than the amount he has once refused for it, and I would suggest that it may be worthy the consideration of the Members of the Asiatic Society, whether it might not be desirable to purchase this curiosity by subscription to place it in their Museum—they might then decide the question whether the production was natural or not—and either as a curiosity of Nature, or a rare specimen of ingenuity, it would be a valuable addition to their store of natural or artificial curiosities.

I am, Sir, Your's, &c.

April 18, 1823.

A SCEPTIC.

### Profanation of the Sabbath.

SIR,

To the Editor of the Journal.

There is an abuse existing in Calcutta, which I am well assured only requires to be brought to the notice of the proper Authorities to meet the necessary check; and I hope, I shall be excused if I make your JOURNAL the medium of communication. The abuse I allude to, are the frequent scenes of Gambling on the Sabbath, by the lower classes of Portuguese, Malays, and Chinese, who assemble in the vicinity of Turretta Bazar, Jaun Bazar, and several other public places, contrary to the prohibition published in the year 1793; which document as it now lays before me, I shall here subjoin for the good of the Public, who may perhaps have forgotten that such a salutary Regulation exists.

#### PROCLAMATION.

By the Right Honourable the Governor General in Council.

Calcutta, November 9, 1793.

Whereas it has been represented to this Right Honourable the Governor General in Council, that several places in the vicinity of Calcutta, and elsewhere, within these provinces, are become the ordinary resort of disorderly persons from the foreign settlements on the sabbath-day; and that at such places of public resort, horse-races are frequented, and the pernicious practice of gambling prevails, to the scandal of the British Government, and to the prejudice of those who are entitled to its protection; and whereas the profanation of the day set apart for the solemn observance of public worship, is a practice destructive of the good order and morals of society, and contrary to the duties and ordinances of the protestant religion; his Lordship in Council hereby orders and directs all Magistrates, and Officers Commanding at Military Stations, to prohibit horse-races, and all other meetings for the purpose of gaming on the Sabbath-day, within the limits of their respective jurisdictions or commands; and if any person or persons shall be guilty of disobedience to such prohibition, the Magistrates and Officers of the district or station, in which such offence shall be committed, are hereby strictly commanded to report the name or names of any person or persons so offending, to the Right Honourable the Governor General in Council; and his Lordship in Council hereby declares, that the person or persons so offending, shall be liable to forfeit the protection of the Honourable the East India Company, and to be sent to Europe.

Published by order of the Right Honourable the Governor General in Council.

G. BARLOW, Sec. to Govt.

By this it is evident, that the Magistrates have full authority to act in such cases, and I do not doubt, that this pernicious practice will soon be put a stop to, when once the Magistrates of Calcutta are made aware of its existence.—Your's obediently,

LE DIABLE-BOTTEUX.

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##### In the Classical Department.

BOARDERS, .....	40 Rupees per Month.
HALF-BOARDERS, .....	24 Rupees per Month.
DAY-SCHOLARS, .....	20 Rupees per Month.

##### In the Professional Department.

BOARDERS, .....	50 Rupees per Month.
HALF-BOARDERS, .....	34 Rupees per Month.
DAY-SCHOLARS, .....	30 Rupees per Month.

A reasonable reduction of rates will be made in favour of those who may send more than two Pupils to the Institution in proportion to the excess beyond that number.

Every Boarder is to bring with him, on admission into the Institution, a complete stock of wearing apparel.

An Extra charge will be made for Music, DRAWING and DANCING.

The object of Education being not only to cultivate the Understanding, but to improve the Dispositions, and form the Mind, strict attention will be paid to religious and moral Duties. Cleanliness, and whatever else may contribute to health, will be studiously observed. The Masters will dine at the same table with the Pupils.

The professed religious principles of the Institution will be those of the Established Church of England, but without operating to the prejudice of any other denomination of Christians whatever. Morning and Evening Prayers will be conducted at the School; and Divine Service will be regularly performed every Sunday.

The Institution will be subject to the regular superintendence of the Committee of Management; two of whom will visit it in weekly rotation, to take cognizance of all matters requiring special notice.

Parents, Guardians, and Friends will be entitled to visit the Institution at all hours of the day, without any restraint whatever. All other persons, coming with a proper recommendation, will be allowed free access to the Institution.



During the hours of recreation, one of the Masters will constantly attend, to prevent irregularities, and enforce an exact observance of order and correctness of deportment.

There will be two seasons of Vacation in the year; one at the time of Easter, and the other at Christmas. Quarterly Examinations of pupils will be holden by the Committee of Management; and a General Annual Examination will always precede the Christmas Vacation, when Parents, Guardians, and Friends, as well as the Public at large, will be solicited to honor the Institution with their presence. It is the serious and earnest wish of the Committee of management, that the Pupils should never be called home at any other time (cases of sickness excepted,) than during the regular Vacations; as it is found by experience, that repeated absence from School generally proves prejudicial, not only to the application, but also to the happiness of the Pupils.

A public Library will be attached to the Institution, as well for the use of the Master, as for the improvement of the minds of the Scholars.

N. B.—The Seminary is to open on the 1st of May next.

The Female branch of the Institution will be undertaken, as soon as the necessary arrangements for that purpose are completed.

A plan is also in contemplation, the object of which is to provide for the gratuitous education of children, who shall have remained for some time in the Institution, and whose Parents or Guardians may die in indigent circumstances.

By order of the Committee of Management,

JOHN W. RICKETTS, Sec. P. A. I.

### Selections.

*Madras, April 5, 1823.*—The Ship JAMES DRUMMOND, Captain Geo. Wise, sailed for Calcutta on Wednesday touching at Coringa.—*Passengers.*—Mr. Suter, Mr. Paul Jordan and Family, and Mr. O. L. Agabeg. We have no arrivals to notice. The DAVID SCOTT will sail in prosecution of her voyage to England to-morrow evening.—*Passengers from Madras.*—Mrs. W. Scott, Miss McCabe, P. Cherry, Esq. Capt. Edway, and Lient. Bagshaw.

*News-mongering.*—A considerable time has now elapsed since any novel or important intelligence has reached this Settlement: and the last week in particular has been so barren in this respect, as not to produce any thing, even to divert the public anxiety from that high pitch of expectation to which it has been necessarily raised by the long protracted delay of all European news.—Our day of publication having however arrived, it becomes our duty, notwithstanding the sterility of the period, to produce our usual number of pages: a duty, which may be justly compared to that of a stage coach which must travel whether there be passengers or not: though the comparison, if followed a little further, will prove in favor of the coachman, inasmuch as the Editor not only drives his round but must find passengers for his columns too—in general not without great corporeal fatigue, and considerable expense of invention.—London Editors, when reduced to these distressing straits, have great abundance of resources. They have their *fashion mongers*, and their *scandal mongers*, and their *murder-mongers*—in short a whole college of *news-mongers*, essayists and epigrammatists at command.—They will in five minutes infect all Constantinople with the plague; and fill a column in manufactured and fictitious accounts about the triumph of the Turks over the Greeks.—Then another considerable portion of the Paper is filled (we speak from ocular demonstration) with *handsome* eruptions of Mount Vesuvius—so that columns of smoke consume almost all the columns of the paper. Then many houses in the Eastern, Western and Midland Counties are burglariously entered—Gentlemen are stopped on the Turnpike Road—a Farmer's hay-yard set fire to—a few Cattle struck with lightning—*an important and minute account* given of how much somebody had walked or ate for a wager; long stories about longevity—with a few *rupee* puffs about quack medicines and patent shoe-blackening—

does this picture, courteous reader, remind you of a London Print? and thus a very excellent, novel and entertaining paper is completed.—Unfortunately our Madras Editors have none of these advantages.—The confined nature of the society in which they write imposes too severe a scrutiny on their veracity to allow them to rob and murder people at such a rate with impunity—thanks to our Police—and any attempt to introduce an European incorrectly into an interesting paragraph cannot evade detection.—*Madras Gazette.*

*Letter from Tirhoot.*—The following is an extract of a letter from Tirhoot:—

"The weather has been unusually hot for the season, with strong westerly gales, which have proved rather destructive to the Indigo plant. Our Planters are crying out sadly, as they have had occasion to sow and re-sow, and drill and re-drill, till their patience is almost exhausted; and I fear their expectation of this year's crop are but indifferent. There seems, however, little doubt the price of Indigo will keep up, so as to give a handsome profit should the quantity manufactured be even considerably less than last year's produce."

We also understand, that the Jessore Indigo offered for sale to-day at the Exchange went off briskly at an average of about 250 Rs. per mannd: some as high as 280.—*India Gazette.*

*Captain Camberlege.*—We shall feel much gratified, if by giving insertion to the following extract of a Letter from London, we in the smallest degree contribute to the success of the Gentleman therein named. The character which Captain Camberlege ever maintained throughout his long career in the H. C. Service is well known in this country, and we doubt not but that many of those who years ago were gratified, while passengers with him out, will gladly avail themselves of the opportunity thus offered them of returning with him.

*London, December 2, 1823.*—The friends of Captain John Camberlege, who formerly Commanded the Honorable Company's Ships CHARLTON and SURRY, will no doubt be happy to learn that he is going out once more in Command of a very fine Teak built ship, called the GANGES. He will leave this in April or May next for Madras and Bengal, and expects to sail again from Calcutta about December 1823. I believe it is well known, that no Commander ever gave more general satisfaction than Captain C. to the numerous Passengers he took out at different times to India, and it is to be hoped that some of them may, by the time I have mentioned, be ready to re-embark with their old Commander, for this delightful Country, where there is every happiness with a moderate independence. But at all events they must ere this have many young substitutes whom Captain C. will doubtless take the same good care of, as he did of their Parents, when dashing young Men and Spinsters, a few years ago."—*John Bull.*

*The Aerolite.*—(From a Correspondent.)—As a good deal has been said about the Aerolite which fell at Fattipore, in the Allahabad district, the accompanying extract may be read with some interest.

"Signor Angelo Bellani, Canon of Pavia, has published an Essay "On the fall of an ancient Aerolite, not mentioned in the catalogues published by the learned, preceded by a dissertation on the origin of this phenomenon. Besides its hypothesis, the principal feature is the following, extracted from a work on the Sottalian Museum, published at Tortona in 1677, under the title of "Museo-ogalaria adunata dal sapere, e dallo studio del Sen. Can. Manfredo Settala nobile Milanese, descritta in Ital. da P. Fr. Scarabelli." The celebrated Settala was still living, aged 84, as we read on the portrait which is prefixed to this edition."

In the 18th chapter of this book, says M. Bellani, we find the following passage:—"It seems evidently demonstrated, that thunder ought to be attributed to a solid and stony substance, and not to an exhalation of any kind, as is proved by one of these stones projected from the clouds, which struck with sudden death a Franciscan Friar of Santa Maria della Pace, at Milan, and which is open to the inspection of every body in our Museum. I will relate the circumstances of this event, that no one may doubt its authenticity: All the other monks of the Convent of St. Mary hastened up to him who had been struck, as well from curiosity as from pity, and among them was also the Canon Manfredo Settala. They all carefully examined the corpse, to discover the most secret and decisive effects of the shock which had struck him; they found it was on one of the thighs, where they perceived a wound blackened either by the gangrene or by the action of the fire. Impelled by curiosity, they enlarged the aperture to examine the interior of it; they saw that it penetrated to the bone, and were much surprised to find at the bottom of the wound a roundish stone which had made it, and had killed his monk in a manner equally terrible and unexpected. This stone weighed about a quarter of an ounce; it had a sharp edge, and its surface resembled one of those silver coins which are current at Milan under the name of Phillip. It was not, however, perfectly round, having on one side a rather obtuse angle. Its colour varied, so that on one part it was that of a burnt brick, and on the other it seemed to be covered with a thin ferruginous and shining crust. Being broken in the middle, it emitted an insupportable smell of sulphur.

M. Bellani observes, on the circumstances in this narrative which so forcibly attest its authenticity. In a note, he says, "M. Abel Remusat treating of the Aerolites of China, states, that though they have frequently fallen in populous countries, there is no instance of any person having been struck by one of them, either in China or in Europe. The instance which we have just related is therefore the only one known."—*Government Gazette.*

**Marquis of Hastings.**

*Additional Subscribers to the Painting and Statue of the Marquis of Hastings.*

<i>Agra.</i>		<i>Hansi.</i>	
George Burn, .. Sa. Rs.	150	John Colvin,.....	50
Colonel D. McLeod, ....	200	W. J. Savory,.....	20
		W. Dundas,.....	50
	350	Sa. Rs. ....	995
<i>Mhow.</i>		<i>Goruckpore.</i>	
Lieut. Col. Fagan, ..	50	Captain R. Martin, ..	50
Captain G. Casement	50	D. W. Graham, ....	50
Lieut. Garden, ....	32	Lieut. Douglas, ....	30
Lieut. Walter, ....	16	Lieut. Grant, ....	20
Major H. Thomson,	20	Capt. Stonehouse, ..	20
Capt. Hensray, ....	16	Capt. McLeod, ....	20
B. Roxburgh, ....	16	J. Marley, ....	16
W. Parker,.....	16		
R. McKenzie,.....	16		206
Major J. J. F. Leith,	20	Hon'ble A. Ramsay,...	400
Captain Altes, ....	30		
{Sonat Rupees 282—	273½	<i>Jeemulpore.</i>	
		A. McLeod,.....	100
<i>Saugor.</i>		<i>Seetapore Oude.</i>	
Lieut. Blair,.....	50	Lieut. Col. Thomas,	23
Lieut. Blake, .....	10	Captain Gardener,	10
Captain James, ....	40	Ensign Struthers, ..	8
Lieut. Buttenshaw, ..	40	Ensign Lasyngh, ..	8
Sonat Rupees 140		Lt. J. Swetenham, ..	8
J. Spillsbury,.....	16		
Lieut. M. Nicolson,	20		66 64 12
D. Wovellarm,.....	20		
J. Clark,.....	40		
J. Hepworth, ....	20		
		Sa. Rs. 1766	8
At 3 per cent. 136		Previously advertized	16,724 0
		Total, 18,490	8

April 7, 1823.

JAMES BRYCE, Secretary.

**Commercial Reports.**

(From the Calcutta Exchange Price Current of Thursday last.)

*Note.*—It being difficult to quote with preciseness the prices of the following Articles, the mode of stating generally, whether they are at an advance or discount, has been adopted as being sufficient to give a tolerable correct idea of the Market.—The Exchange being at Par.

*References.*—(P. C.) Prime Cost of the Article as Invoiced at the Manufacturer's prices, exclusive of Freight and Charges.—(A.) Advance on the same.—(D.) Discount.

Broad Cloth, fine, .....	5	a	0	per cent. A
Broad Cloth, coarse,.....	P. C.	0	a	0 per cent. D
Flannels, .....	15	a	20	per cent. D
Hats, Bicknell's, .....	20	a	25	per cent. A
Chintz, .....	P. C.	5	a	10 per cent. D
Cutlery, Table, .....	5	a	10	per cent. A
Earthen-ware, .....	15	a	20	per cent. A
Glass-ware, .....	P. C.	0	a	5 per cent. A
Window Glass, .....	P. C.	0	a	10 per cent. D
Hosiery, .....	P. C.	0	a	0 per cent. D
Muslins, assorted, .....	10	a	15	per cent. A
Oilman's Stores, .....	20	a	25	per cent. A
Stationery,.....	P. C.	0	a	8 per cent. A

**PRICE OF BULLION.**

Spanish Dollars, .....	Sicca Rupees 206	4	a	206	8	per 100
Doublons, .....	30	8	a	31	8	each
Joes, or Pezas, .....	17	8	a	17	12	each
Dutch Ducats, .....	4	4	a	4	12	each
Louis D'Ors, .....	6	4	a	6	8	each
Silver 5 Franc pieces, .....	190	4	a	190	8	per 100
Star Pagodas, .....	3	64	a	3	7	6 each
Sovereigns, .....	10	12	a	11	0	
Bank of England Notes, .....	9	8	a	10	0	

**To Correspondents.**

*As the OBSERVER's letter contains no statement of facts nor arguments, but indulges in personal reflections against PMILO-THYMIS and his Friend, we must decline giving it insertion.*

**Stations of Vessels in the River.**

CALCUTTA, APRIL 17, 1823.

*At Diamond Harbour.*—GEORGINA, and VIRGINIA, outward-bound, remain,—ZELI, (P.), passed down,—CARMO, (P.), inward-bound, remains.

*Hedgeres.*—ELIZA, (P.), passed down.

*New Anchorage.*—H. C. S. ROYAL GEORGE,—MANGLES,—ESPERANCA, (P.),—CENEUS, (brig), proceeded down.

*Saugor.*—CONDE DO RIO PARDO, (P.), gone to Sea.

The Ship FRANCIS CHARLOTTE, Captain P. Johnson, is expected to sail for China, in a day or two.

**Ships Advertised for Different Ports.**

<i>Ships' Names.</i>	<i>Commanders.</i>	<i>Where Bound.</i>	<i>Probable time of Sailing.</i>
Circassian, .....	L. Wasse, .....	London, .....	20th May
Exmouth, .....	G. Evans, .....	London, .....	In a few days
Woodford, .....	Alfred Chapman, ..	London, .....	All April
Clydesdale, .....	D. Mackellar, ....	Liverpool, ....	Ditto
Persaverance, .....	Thomas Bann, .....	Liverpool, ....	Ditto
Louisa, .....	T. B. Woolls, .....	C. of Good Hope, ..	20th May
Indian Oak, .....	T. Reid, .....	Eastward, ....	A few days
Ceres, .....	H. P. Pridham, ..	Ditto, .....	Ditto
Victory, .....		Isle of France, ..	All April
Mary, .....		Ditto, .....	Ditto
Liverpool, .....	James Green, ....	Ditto, .....	Ditto
Scotia, .....	A. Agnew, ....	Madras and New South Wales, .....	Ditto 20th May

**Births.**

At Mullie, on the 4th instant, the Lady of Lieutenant T. B. P. FESTINGS, of a Son.

At Sea, on the 20th ultimo, off Point de Galle, the Lady of Major W. WHISM, of Bengal Artillery, of a Son.

At Hamsie, on the 5th ultimo, at the house of Lieutenant-Colonel SKINNER, the Lady of JOHN STEPHEN BOLDERO, Esq. of the Civil Service, of a Son.

**CALCUTTA BAZAR RATES, APRIL 18, 1823.**

	BUY	SELL
Remittable Loans, .....	Rs. 30	0 29 0
Unremittable ditto, .....	8	12 8 4
Bills of Exchange on the Court of Directors, for } 18 Months, dated 30th of April 1822, .....	25	0 24 0
Bank Shares, .....	6200	0 6100 0
Spanish Dollars, per 100, .....	207	0 206 8
Notes of Good Houses, for 6 Months, bearing Interest, at 6 per cent.		
Government Bills, Discounted, .....		at 3-8 per cent
Loans on Deposit of Company's Paper, for 1 to 3 months, at 3-8 per cent		

**BANK OF BENGAL RATES.**

Discount on Private Bills, .....	5	0	per cent.
Ditto on Government Bills of Exchange, .....	3	8	per cent.
Interest on Loans on Deposit, open date, .....	5	0	per cent.
Ditto 2 Months Certain, .....	4	0	per cent.

**HIGH WATER AT CALCUTTA, THIS-DAY.**

	H.	M.
Morning .....	10	11
Evening .....	0	35



# THE CALCUTTA JOURNAL,

OF

## Politics and General Literature.

VOL. II.]

MONDAY, APRIL 21, 1833.

No. 95

### SUMMARY OF NEWS.

—689—

#### Politics of Europe.

We have already mentioned, that the literary world is indebted to the pen of Lord John Russell for a Tragedy, entitled *DON CARLOS, OR PERSECUTION*; and we now present our readers with a Review of this production from the *LITERARY GAZETTE*. The high character, as the representative of an illustrious House, and at the same time a constitutional friend to popular rights, give the sentiments he conveys to the world in the dramatic form, peculiar claims on our attention.

From a late Number of the *IRISHMAN*, we have copied a very piquant essay on the new Secretary for Foreign Affairs—entitled “Canning put to School,” by Mr. Cobbet, who in spite of all the abuse heaped upon him by men of all parties, has not lost one whit of his confidence, and wields his pen with the same power as ever. The “*TIMES*,” in the following Articles, has also some severe hits at the prop of the present administration.

*The Country Gentlemen and Mr. Canning.*—The dissatisfaction of what are called the Country Gentleman with Mr. Canning’s admission into the Ministry, meets us at so many turns and corners, that we are in truth obliged to take notice of it. Now we argue thus upon the subject:—As the Country Gentlemen cannot be angry with Mr. CANNING for taking place,—a distinction which he has been hankering after all his life,—they must of course be angry with those who have given it him—namely, Lord LIVERPOOL; and perhaps, a yet higher person. And the fact, we find, confirms our reasoning; for with Lord LIVERPOOL they are dissatisfied; and, moreover, they “wonder how the KING could,” &c. &c., “after all that passed about the QUEEN.” The cause of this discontent being one of Mr. CANNING’s unlucky speeches at Liverpool, in which he dealt but scurvily with the Country Gentlemen, we shall refer to the document, laying the most striking parts of it before our readers, and making such comments as we think the subject requires. The speech was spoken, we believe, at a treat given by Mr. Canning’s friends in August last to that gentleman, on the supposition that he was going to regulate the affairs of the Zemindars, or Land-owners of India, instead of teaching their duty to those of England. On that occasion the Right Hon. Gentleman thus, therefore, spoke of the latter and their sufferings:—“At home, I do not disguise from myself that I see great difficulties and great distress; but I see those difficulties and that distress in quarters, where education and intelligence may be expected to counteract intemperance of feeling, to correct prejudice, and to discountenance faction.” \* \* \* (But now comes the rub!) “I am confident that, having during a great struggle of so many years preached patience to the humbler classes of the community, the higher will not now desert their duty, by refusing in their turn to practise the same degree of patience which has been generally displayed by those beneath them!”

And what do the Country Gentlemen think and say to all this? Why, first of all, they do not find that their education and intelligence have at all that effect upon their manners which the Right Hon. Gentleman is disposed to impute to such advantages. When they are pinched like the swinish multitude, they grunt like the swinish multitude—ay, and louder and longer, too; and to expect them to be *pretty-behaved*, while, as Sir ROBERT WALPOLE allegorized it, the bristles are gradually

plucking from their backs, is to expect a great deal more from them and their education than they are either able or willing to perform. “Patience indeed! what, is there no difference between preaching patience and practising it? Besides, when the lower classes murmured on account of their sufferings, were not there the soldiers to keep them quiet? To what purpose were ten thousand men added to the standing army in the time of peace, but to put down our domestic enemies?—that is, a parcel of beggars crying out because they were naked and hungry—because they neither could get work nor meat. But the case is altered now; the landed interest, the staple of the country, is suffering; and WHEN THAT GOES, ALL GOES!!” Such are the thoughts and reasonings of the Country Gentlemen—the “men of education and intelligence”—on the above paragraphs in Mr. CANNING’s speech; and though some may think that it takes a good deal more to make a skilful artisan than to make a Country Gentleman, (the latter having little more to do than to follow the ordinary course of nature in growing up to manhood, and the former having also to serve a painful apprenticeship), and that therefore it is more easy to supply the loss of a Country Gentleman than of a skilful artisan; yet we do think Ministers, as the ancient logicians said, *concluded* by the Argument: they cannot by strict analogy infer, that gentlemen should suffer with patience because poor men have so suffered; and it is real mockery and cruel derision in Mr. CANNING to pretend that he expects it.

What follows in the speech is still worse:—“We must feel, I am sure—and none feel more than those I am now addressing—that it would be a peevish and unthinking spirit, which under the irritation of a temporary inconvenience, should quarrel not with the immediate sources of immediate suffering, but with all that surrounds them—with all that is temporary with them—with passive circumstances as well as with active causes; as a child in its anger beats the ground, because for a moment it has fallen.” Here is a simile, with a vengeance, for men “of education and intelligence”—to wit, Country Gentlemen!—“beating the earth, because they are sunk down to it—because they are fallen upon it! We recollect the late Lord Londonderry, poor man, among his many able schemes for his country’s good, recommended that the labouring poor in their distress, should be employed to dig holes in that said earth, and then fill them up again. During such an operation, they might, perhaps, find some hidden treasure; but from this beating the earth—the task to which Mr. Canning consigns the Country Gentlemen—no possible good can accrue. Should they even butt as well as beat, they can only hurt their heads and their hands, and the toil must be worse for them than the treading-mill at Brixton.

May we venture in conclusion, to give the Right Hon. Foreign Secretary a word of advice? He is sensible, in his own mind, and must hear around him from others, of the disgrace he has got into with the Country Gentlemen on account of the manner in which he has spoken of their sufferings, and of the general dislike, in fact, which they entertain towards him on account of the freedoms which he sometimes allows that unhappy member of his—the tongue. Let him above all things distrust and control himself, when he begins to be carried away by the spirit of ridicule. There is nothing that the Country Gentlemen detest and dread so much as wit! Why, there was Lord Londonderry had not wit, and he was the delight of their hearts, the

illuminator of their heads—ay, and he governed the country too, very well, to their fancies; that is, so long as only others suffered from the consequences of his government. If he had had wit, or could have talked English, things would never have gone on so well. Let us suppose Mr. Canning but once to lay hold of one of these Country Gentlemen,—the man whom they call Gaffer Gooch, for example—and expose him to ridicule through a few sentences: we do not mean in Parliament, of course, but in one of his Liverpool speeches. He must not fancy that the vindictive feelings will be confined to the suffering victim of his derision: no, it will extend through the whole body of which he is a member; “for when a brother bleeds, a brother feels.” They will open their eyes, and lift up their heads in wrath and fear. *Proximus Uesalegon*—Heaven knows whose turn may be next. Apply not wit, therefore, to such as Mr. Gooch and his associates. It is worse than meddling with *Uncle Toby's* hobby-horse: “Ah! touch him, touch him, touch him—not.”

*Libel.*—(From the *Stamford News*)—Another trial for that undefinable offence, *libel*, has taken place; and the Government is to be strengthened, and Religion benefitted by the prosecution of an eccentric little fellow named Waddington, for selling “*Palmer's Principles of Nature*,” a work which we presume impugns Christianity; whilst a mitred professor of that faith, whose abominations are beyond our description, escapes, to enjoy wealth and ease, and pursue his vicious course in another climate with impunity, with protection! On the subject of this trial, we must remark on the strange opinion pronounced from the bench, by no less a person than the Lord Chief Justice Abbott, to the accuracy of whose language and ideas one would think the reporters sometimes do not do correct justice. One of the jurors very properly asked him whether all persons who denied the divinity of Christ, were guilty of blasphemy and libel? “Certainly,” replied the other, “for Christianity is part and parcel of the law of the land.” He added, however, “those who deny it, as this man has done, calling him an impostor,” &c. Now, if this doctrine be true, we would recommend the whole body of the Jews resident in this country, and equally bound as ourselves to obey the law of the land, to the Chief Justice's merciful consideration: for they do not only hold Christ to be an impostor, but in their conversation, their books, and even by the very terms and declarations of their religion, they proclaim their utter disbelief of his divine pretensions. There is also a tolerably numerous class of persons in this country known by the name of Socinians, or Unitarians, and their worship is tolerated by law. Those men deny the divinity of Christ; and so far as they disbelieve the representations of Scripture, which are interpreted by the church, and enforced by the law of the land, that Christ is also God, or one of the persons of the Trinity, so far, they are libellers and blasphemers; for they publicly deny that which is part and parcel of the law of the land; and in not crediting the representations which Christ makes of himself, as they are interpreted by the land, they pronounce him an impostor. The Lord Chief Justice should well weigh his words in the judgment seat. There are many thousands of his fellow-subjects who believe in Christianity but not that Christianity which is taught by the church, and enforced by the government; who do not believe the ecclesiastical representations of Christ's divinity; and who, if they thought that Christ's own words bore that meaning, would not scruple to pronounce him an impostor; and yet they would consider themselves guilty of neither libel nor blasphemy. On the contrary, they have the highest respect for the character of Christ; they think that he was a young man of remarkable ingenuity and the best intentions, and that he fell a victim to the fate which generally attends all reformers, either in their persons or circumstances. All the prophets that went before him suffered in the same way. They were not hanged, indeed, but they were all persecuted and put to death in various ways. Mankind will not bear violent and sudden reformations. We think in our time we have sufficient evidence how all persons who undertake to point out abuses in church or state are treated. Is not prosecution, imprisonment, heavy pecuniary fines, total ruin of circum-

stances, of health, and comfort, all tending to shorten life, and to render it miserable while it lasts, the fate of every one who presumes to lift up his voice against what he esteems, and what all the world knows to be, scandalous abuses and dangerous evils? Do we dare to designate an assembly so notoriously corrupt and profligate that the very President pronounced such practices to exist in its formation and conduct as would have caused our ancestors to start with horror, by the appellation it merits? We are either called to the bar of that august assembly, or prosecuted by the King's Attorney-General. Do we question some of the articles of the established religion, and do we give our reasons for our hesitation or disbelief, and attack them by that very potent weapon of argumentation known by the name of the *argumentum ad absurdum*, by which the impossibility of the thing alleged is shewn by its absurdity, and employ the weapons of ridicule and irony? Down comes an accusation of blasphemy; the very charge alleged by the Jews against the reformer of their day; we have turned sacred things into ridicule, we have questioned the credibility of things most firmly believed by our grandfather and grandmother, and by the present Archbishop of Canterbury. Yes, say they, but you must not use joke and sarcasm; you must reason coolly and fairly; that is, you must reason so as to please them. Now we should be glad to know, whether, if a man set himself coolly and fairly to reason down the divinity of Christ, and wholly abstained from all ridicule and indecorum, he would be tolerated: no! for then his very seriousness would be imputed to him as crime, and he would be punished as more dangerous and inveterate offender; because, again, Christianity is part and parcel of the law of the land. It has ever appeared to us that this long-established maxim is both weak and dangerous, because it at once justifies the prosecution of Christianity by the Roman Emperors, and it also negatives our right to introduce or obtrude Christianity in any country in which another religion prevails. “Paganism,” might the Roman Emperor say, “is the established religion of my country; it is part and parcel of the law of the land, and if you impugn it, you must suffer the penalty.” Nay might not the Jew—as they virtually did—say to Christ, “you are disturbing our national established religion;” and to his apostles who went about, *turning the world upside down*, “why do you interfere with and resist ordinances which are by law established?” Our very missions for the propagation of christianity in parts of the world where it is unknown, might on this principle be questioned; for do we think that other countries have not the same regard for their established religion that we have for our own, and that they are not equally persuaded of its divine origin? that it also makes part and parcel of the law of the land? The very maxim, then, on which we defend invasions on our own religion, condemns our practice.

*Death of Canova.*—The following is the manner in which the Gazette of Venice, of the 13th of October, records the particulars of the last moments of this celebrated sculptor:—

“We have to perform a melancholy duty; we have to announce the death of an individual, who was the glory of sculpture and the Fine Arts—Antonio Canova. He arrived at Venice on the evening of the 4th of October, and brought with him a brother, to whom he was tenderly attached. They alighted together at the house of M. Antoni Francesconi, with whose family Canova was connected by the ties of long-continued friendship. He was so ill upon his arrival that he found considerable difficulty in going up stairs to his bed chamber.

“From that night he began to experience violent fits of vomiting, which came on every time he took the slightest nourishment, and which were very soon followed by a violent and continual hiccough.

“Every assistance was immediately rendered by the most eminent physicians in Venice; but it was with the greatest difficulty that they succeeded in diminishing the frequency and intensity of these two symptoms. They found it impossible to eradicate the disease, and to open his bowels, which, in spite of all their exertions, remained obstructed. The patient grew gradually weaker and weaker, and at length, about noon of the 12th



instant, it was no longer possible to doubt of the approaching death of this great artist.

One of his friends, M. le Conseiller Angliette, undertook the melancholy task of announcing the fatal information to him: his pure soul received it with a calmness and resignation, which formed a worthy termination to a life so entirely consecrated to works of benevolence and religion. When he received the sacrament, the sobs that surrounded his bed, gave proof of the sorrow of all the bystanders, and of the emotions which were excited in their breasts by the lively piety with which the sick man cast himself into the arms of his God. He dictated his last will with a clearness, intelligence, and precision, which distinctly proved that he was by no means disturbed by the thought of the proximity of the moment in which he was to appear before the throne of eternal Majesty.

"Some minutes afterwards, he fell into a kind of lethargic sleep, from which he kept waking from time to time. He replied to the questions which were put to him, and sometimes spoke without being questioned; and at these intervals, which occurred frequently, he uttered many religious phrases, which were heard with veneration by all present. His friends entertained for a moment a hope of preserving to the world one of its noblest ornaments.

"But neither the attention of his brother, nor the help of medicine, nor the hospitable exertions of the family Francesconi, nor the prayers of the town, which from the first report of his illness, had been divided betwixt hope and fear, nor the wishes of the great personages, whom respect, friendship, or gratitude, had attracted round his bed, could protract any further the dreadful moment, and on the 12th of October, about 44 minutes after seven in the morning, the heart of Canova ceased to beat.

"It will belong to his historian to speak at greater length of this immense loss, which, perhaps, will be only repaired after the lapse of many centuries, and which will be felt, not only by Italy, but also by the whole of Europe, since, as an illustrious living author has said, when a man has attained to that degree of glory to which Canova had arrived, he no longer belongs to this or that nation, but he is the common treasure and pride of the whole universe."

This illustrious artist was born at Possagno, in the Venetian States, in the year 1657.

**Robbery.**—About seven o'clock on Sunday evening, (Nov. 13.) whilst Mrs. Powell, an elderly widow lady, living at 35, Cold Bath-square, was at chapel, some villain entered her house; the noise he made in ransacking the lower part was heard by two men who lodged on the second floor; one of them went down stairs, whilst the other went to look out of the window. As soon as the man who went down stairs (in the dark) entered the parlour, he received a tremendous blow on the head by the villain, and was knocked down. He called to his fellow-lodger, but owing to his being looking out of the window, he did not hear. The villain gave him several desperate blows while he was down: the poor fellow kept crying out, "murder, thieves, murder," on which the ruffian gave him a deep stab in the side with some sharp instrument; his cries at length brought his fellow-lodger to his assistance, but the robber effected his escape. On Mrs. Powell's coming home, it was ascertained he had broke open a small escrutoire and taken from thence 14*l.* in sovereigns. A silver table spoon, dropped by the villain in his hurry, was found in the passage. All the rest of the plate escaped. The poor fellow who received the stab is in a fair way of recovery.

**Suicide.**—An inquisition was taken on Monday evening, (Nov. 14) in Mount street, on the body of *Thomas Greenland*. Robert Eagleston, Assistant-keeper of Hyde-park, was sitting on a rail opposite St. George's-row, about one o'clock on Saturday, when he heard the report of a pistol. He ran towards the spot, and found the deceased lying on his back. His head was shattered, and his face so much disfigured, that scarcely a feature was discernible. He looked about, and found a pistol, which appeared to have been recently discharged, the cock of which was broken off. In the pockets of the deceased he found a paper

addressed "*Thomas Greenland, No. 2, Bit-alley, Turnmill-street, Clerkenwell,*" and on the back of it, written in another hand, "*Do take care of me, and convey me home with the greatest of care.*" While he was searching the pockets, a boy, named *Wm. Ford*, came up, and identified the deceased as a man who, about a quarter of an hour before had met him in oxford-street, and given him half a pint of beer and two-pence, to write for him the words on the back of the letter.—The brother-in-law and mother of the deceased were examined, and it appeared, from their evidence, that he had lived as a waiter at the *Wilmington Arms, Spaffields*, which he left last Thursday, with the best of characters. On quitting the house, he was described by the landlord to have run off "*like a madman.*" He was about 25 years of age. On Saturday his mother received a letter written in his name (he never could write himself) which informed her that he married 15 months ago, but, being unhappily matched, he could not live with his wife and left her, and for that reason never informed his family of the circumstance.—The Jury gave a verdict—that the deceased shot himself, being at the time in a state of insanity.

**Suicide.**—An itinerant musician has drowned himself in the Clyde. On the banks he met two girls, of whom he enquired for the deepest part of the river. He went coolly to the spot pointed out—took off his hat, and taking a nightcap out of it, drew it over his face, sprung into the water, and was taken out a corpse.—*Dundee Advertiser.*

**A Monster.**—Information was received on Tuesday, (15th Nov.) that on the preceding night, a female, in passing by the Westminster Infirmary, was attempted to be murdered by a monster, who as yet has evaded all pursuit. The unfortunate woman was in company with some female friends, when a young man, genteely dressed, approached them, and accosted her in language not fit to be mentioned. She repulsed his advances, and in an instant he pulled some sharp instrument from his pocket, drawing it across her face, inflicted a deep wound; he repeated this horrible attempt, but she struggled with all her strength till she dropped upon the foot steps at the Hospital door. The other females, at first, were very much alarmed, but having recovered themselves, attacked him and called for assistance, which induced the fellow to relinquish his diabolical intention, and he ran off with all speed. The party of the Bow-street patrol came up at that instant, and went in pursuit of the ruffian, but could not find him. The wounded woman was taken into the Hospital, where she now lies in a precarious state, and from the appearance in the wounds in her face, the instrument used seems to be a razor. It is suspected from the description given of the offender, that he is a drummer who had been recently discharged from the Guards; he had some time ago kept company with the female, but ultimately she rejected his addresses.

**Importation of Bones.**—It is estimated that more than a million of bushels of human and inhuman bones were imported last year from the Continent of Europe, into the port of Hull. The neighbourhood of *Leipsic Austerlitz, Waterloo*, and of all the places where, during the late bloody war, the principal battles were fought, have been swept alike of the bones of the hero and of the horse which he rode. Thus collected from every quarter, they have been shipped to the port of Hull, and thence forwarded to the Yorkshire bone grinders, who have erected steam-engines and powerful machinery, for the purpose of reducing them to a granular state. In this condition they are sent chiefly to *Doncaster*, one of the largest agricultural markets in that part of the country, and are there sold to the farmers to manure their lands. The oily substance gradually evolving as the bone calcines, makes a more substantial manure than almost any other substance particularly human bones. It is now ascertained beyond a doubt, by actual experiment upon an extensive scale, that a dead soldier is a most valuable article of commerce; and, for aught known to the contrary, the good farmers of Yorkshire are in a great measure, indebted to the bones of their children for their daily bread. It is certainly a singular fact, that Great Britain should have sent out such multitudes of soldiers to fight the battles of this country upon the Continent of Europe, and should then import their bone, as an article of commerce to fatten her soil!!—*Morning Paper.*

**England's Dead.***(From the Literary Gazette.)*

Son of the Ocean-isle!

Where sleep your mighty Dead?

Show me what high and holy pile  
Is rear'd o'er Glory's bed.

Go, Stranger; track the Deep,

Free, free the white sail spread;

Wave may not foam, nor wild wind sweep,  
Where rest not England's Dead.

On Egypt's burning plains,

By the Pyramid o'ersway'd,

With fearful power the noon-day reigns,  
And the palm-trees yield no shade;

But let the angry sun

From Heaven look fiercely red,

Unfelt by those whose fight is done!—  
There slumber England's Dead.

The hurricane hath might

Along the Indian shore,

And far, by Ganges' banks at night,  
Is heard the tiger's roar:

But let the sound roll on!

It hath no tone of dread

For those that from their toils are gone!—  
There slumber England's Dead.

Loud rush the torrent-floods

The Western wilds among,

And free, in green Columbia's woods,  
The Hunter's bow is strong:

But let the floods rush on!

Let the arrow's flight be sped!

Why should they reck whose task is done!—  
There slumber England's Dead.

The mountain-storms rise high

In the snowy Pyreoces,

And toss the pine-boughs through the sky,  
Like rose-leaves on the breeze:

But let the storm rage on!

Let the forest-wreaths be shed!

For the Roncesvalles' field is won,—  
There slumber England's Dead.

On the frozen Deep's repose

'Tis a dark and dreadful hour,

When round the ship the ice-fields close,  
To chain her with their power:

But let the ice drift on!

Let the cold blue desert spread!

Their course with mast and flag is done—  
There slumber England's Dead.

The Warlike of the Isles!

The Men of field and wave!

Are not the rocks their funeral piles,  
The seas and shores their grave?

Go, Stranger! track the Deep,

Free, free the white sail spread!

Wind may not rove, nor billow sweep,  
Where rest not England's Dead.

*Roger Branagh.*—There is at present in Belfast, an ingenious young man named Roger Branagh, who was born without arms, and is of course devoid of hands, which may be justly classed amongst the most useful members of the human frame.—His feet however serve him in their place, and enable him to perform various operations, for which, at first view he would appear wholly incapacitated. He has been seen opening out, with his toes, a closed penknife, with which he trimmed a quill and made an excellent pen, in a very short space of time. He can write rapidly and distinctly, his small letters being well formed and his capitals cut with taste and ease. It is surprising with what expedition he can thread needles, and even tie a knot at the extremity of the thread with nearly as much facility as the most practised sempstress. He can darn his own stockings, and twist the thread or worsted line which he uses for that purpose to the proper degree of thickness. Branagh can row in a boat with singular energy, though it must be confessed his attitudes are more unique than graceful. On such occasions he leans his back against the stern and one foot on one of the seats, so as to keep the oar, which he propels with the other, in due position. With boys he can play at marbles, and clear the ring with remarkable skill, his big toe bulking, as the phrase is, his taw to the mark with the precision of an air gun. He can convey his food to his mouth with his toes, and is by no means deficient as a carver. He is by no means a timid equestrian, but can even drive a cart or carriage. The reins, on such occasions, are placed round his body, and by moving to and fro, to the right or to the left, he so varies their position as to effect the horse's mouth and direct his motions. Amongst his other accomplishments and acquirements, may be enumerated his powers of scourging tops with his left foot—his skill in sharpening knives—to say nothing of his lighting fires, blowing bellows, picking up pins with his toes, cracking whips, and putting his hat on one extremity of his frame (the head) with the other (the foot). This ingenious poor man lives in Millfield-street, near Mr. Mullian's new house, opposite Samuel-street, and makes his livelihood by running errands.

About fifty years ago there was in Ireland a man named Buckinshaw, who wrote elegantly with his toes. This extraordinary person was able to comprise the Lord's Prayer in the narrow bounds of a British sixpence.—The letters were regular and distinct, the penmanship most exquisite.—*Glasgow Chronicle.*

*New mode of Raising the Wind.*—A well dressed man arrived a short time since at the Talbot Inn, Bristol, by one of the London coaches. He made some inquiries respecting the Exeter coach, by which he said he intended going the following day. He ordered supper, and his brandy and water, and went to bed. After breakfast next morning, the waiter gave him his bill, when, to the waiter's great surprise, he declared he had no money. The landlord was called, who was about sending for an officer, when the gentleman begged he would not, and offered to leave some part of his dress. He actually took off his pantaloons and left them for his bill, which was about 7s., promising to redeem them on his return from Exeter. He had a frock coat and a good pair of drawers, and did not appear to feel the loss of his pantaloons. He went directly from the Talbot to the Bush, and there made the same inquiries respecting the western coaches; ordered dinner and lieved well. On the following morning he rang his bell in a great hurry, sent for the master, and declared that he had been robbed of his pantaloons, with £. 10, 10s., in the pocket. When the master arrived, the gentleman put himself in a great passion. The landlord became alarmed for the respectability of his house; gave him the 10 guineas, sent for a taylor in the neighbourhood to bring some pantaloons, and begged the story might not be made public. It was concluded some of the passengers who had gone by the morning coaches had committed the robbery. The gentleman, on receiving the money, took himself off. The day following, the servants of the two inns meeting in the market, the trick was discovered.—*Scotsman.*



## MISCELLANEOUS.

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### Mr. Canning put to school.

(By Mr. Cobbett.)

As long as you were rambling about in Lancashire, or elsewhere, without power, your opinions and wishes were of comparatively little consequence to the country. Now, however, the case is very different. A thought coming into your mind, and created, perhaps, by an extra glass of champagne, or by an extra half dozen ounces of turtle, may lead to words, those words to acts, and those acts by possibility, to the happiness, or misery of millions. Though you are called the Minister for Foreign Affairs, it is plain enough that you must be the chief Minister for all the affairs; or, that you must be placed in a state of deep degradation. This I take it you will not submit to. Therefore it is of the greatest importance, that you be well-informed, as to the nation's affairs: and, as I am convinced that you are not, with regard to those affairs, well-informed, as yet, I am now about to take you regularly to school.

You were, they say, Captain of Eton School; that is to say, the forwardest of all the boys in that great seminary for tax-eaters. But, you are not the Captain in the school of political knowledge. Nay, I think your Captainship at Eton an injury to you, and a presumption against you as a Minister. When the mind has begun its career by deeming the despicable nonsense of the colleges a matter of importance, it is not easily brought into the paths of useful knowledge. Every regularly bred school and college man is, more or less, a school boy in mind to the end of his days; and, in proportion to his éclat as a school and college man, is frequently, and most frequently, his unfitness for any station of real importance. What a misfortune it was to have been Captain of Eton became evident enough when you turned your pen to politics. Let any one now read the Anti-Jacobin Newspaper, of which you were the director, and in which you were the principle writer. I say nothing about the politics of a publication, which had falsehood in view as its principal object; but let any one now read that paper in order to judge of the state and size of the mind of a Captain of Eton. I do not allude to the illiberality and the meanness; but to the puerilities of it; to its childishness. Let any one look at the miserable plagiarism committed on the authors of the Dunciad. Let him look at the school-boy trash about Iambics. Let him look at the silly stuff about Mr. Higgins of St. Mary Axe. Why, Sir, this was all very well as coming from a school-boy or from a hack-writer; but, as coming from a Privy Counsellor, as you then were, it was not very well; as coming from one of that body which the law calls an "honourable, noble, and reverend assembly," the poor thread-bare jests about Mr. Higgins of St. Mary Axe used, too, for very foul political purpose were not very well. You were younger then than you are now, to be sure; but you were old enough to have been, at that time nearly ten years a Member of Parliament; and you were old enough to be a Privy Counsellor; though you were not old enough to be in mind any thing more than a Captain of Eton.

The school-boy character seems to have clung to your mind all the way through. Your public papers during the dispute with America, the only really important discussion in which you took a part, were so remarkable for nothing as for school-boy wit. There was, in them all, a total absence of that earnestness, which, in such cases, is an indispensable requisite. The reasoning was always too sophistical to convince, and the manner was such as could hardly fail to offend. Yours were the first state papers into which, as far as I had seen or heard, irony was ever introduced; and it is, perhaps, not going much too far to say, that we owe about seventy millions of your present debt to the sarcasms which the Captain of Eton could not prevail upon himself to suppress. These sarcasms enabled our partisans in America to laugh at the President and the Congress; but the sarcasms were finally answered from the cannon's mouth, and in the defeat and capture of ship after ship, and fleet after fleet by that force, which you, in your place in Parliament, had described as "half a dozen fir frigates with bits of striped bunting flying at their mast heads." The f's and the b's; the fir frigates and the bits of bunting, were pretty enough in themselves; and they were well enough suited to the character of a Captain of Eton; but wholly unworthy of a Minister of State.

We shall, doubtless, not now have to witness any of these school-boy freaks. But, I am satisfied, that you are deficient in that kind of knowledge, which is necessary, at this time, in one who is to be the Minister in the House of Commons. You must be the Minister, or your elevation is your fall. To communicate to you, therefore, a part of that knowledge, which is necessary to your duly discharging of this office, is the object of the letters of which this is the first, which will be six in number, corresponding, in that respect, with those acts, which were passed in 1819, in order, as you expressed it, "to extinguish for ever the accursed torch of discord."

A nod with a "your health Mr. Cobbett," from men that would, a few years ago, have gladly seen me hanged up like a dog, are infinite-

ly more valuable than the nine times nine cheers that you received from the mean, mercenary, tax-hunting crew at Liverpool; and the pleasure of having the contrast to draw, is worth more than all the wealth you could have accumulated even if you really had submitted, at last, to be . . . . . This is what I never can mention unaccompanied with expressions of surprise. From the very first rumour of your being intended for . . . . ., until you made the confession at Liverpool, I always said, in print as well as out, that I could not believe you capable of such submission. I do not pretend to disregard riches more than other men. I should like to be rich myself and to see all my family rich; but, never, I most solemnly declare; never, for the last twenty years, would I have accepted of that post; no, not the very next day after they had sentenced me to pass two years in a felon's jail, would I have accepted of the post of, . . . . .

I found my pretensions to be your teacher upon the best of all possible grounds; namely, that as to all the chief matters appertaining to your office, I have greater ability than you. I care not who calls this vanity; the questions with me, and, indeed, with all men of sense, are, whether it be true, and whether it be useful to state it. A great deal of what passes for "modesty," ought to pass for cowardice, or servility. For the oppression and the insults that people has to endure from wealth and from what is called birth, they have to thank principally, the cowardice and the mercenariness of poor men of talent. This is one of the great sources of the miseries of mankind. The talent that ought to be employed for the public good, is employed in upholding the ignorance which possesses power to enable the men of talent to live at his ease. The love of ease induced him to be the underling, and even the eulogist of those whom he despises.

I will do you the justice to say that I believe that you have firmly fixed in your mind this great principle that every thing ought to give way to the perpetuating of the greatness, and even the predominance, of England: and that you despise, as heartily as I do, all the cant about the "mutual prosperity" of nations, which has about as much sense in it as the mutual success of two boxers or two lovers. It is like the public loans, which always used to be gaining concerns for the public and for the loan jobbers too. This mutual doctrine I believe you to despise; and I believe you would if you could, secure to England, no matter by what means, a decided predominance amongst the nations of the world. This is my principle; but I am satisfied that your views, as to the means, are not correct. I will not suppose that the miserable agents employed abroad by your crackbrained predecessor will all be employed by you. But, generally speaking, they must; a circumstance which you will owe to those sweet sink holes of boroughs, to which you are so much attached. Your notions as to the interior, prove to me that you have no idea of the exertion that it will be necessary for the nation to make to maintain even its present station. Your talk at Liverpool would warrant the belief that you think we can remain at peace for ever; or, at least, for a very long period. You see the danger that would arise from our going to war; you see, in short, that we cannot go even without destroying the system; and therefore, you think only of peace. This constitutes your unfitness for the times. There must be before many years go over your head; or, England is doomed to be a very little and contemptible nation. All the elements for producing her humiliation are collecting together; and, if you cannot see this, I can; but of this I shall have more to say hereafter.

When Wellington got to Paris from Spain, you in a speech made at Liverpool soon afterwards, said, "for what is to follow, I do not much care. We have triumphed." With much more reason I might say the same now. Let what will come, I have triumphed; and I might remain here, in the country, and hunt hares and never see London again. I am, by fits tempted to do it; or at least, the thought comes into my head. But, then I think of the old Doctor's speech again, and of Ellenborough's scowl, and of the speeches of Mackintosh and Scarlett. This braces me up, and makes me start afresh. So that I shall, I dare say, keep on till I see the thing fairly out to an end. And, besides, the next Session of Parliament holds forth such a temptation to face the smoke of the Wen! We shall have famous work! The shooters and fox-hunters will be dull compared with us.

• What this past is which Mr. Cobbett would never accept the readers may perhaps never know.

### LATE EUROPE MARRIAGES.

At Memel, in Prussia, John Maclean, Esq. of Dantzic, to Eliza, eldest daughter of James Moir, Esq. of Memel; at St. Pancrast, Wm. Davidson Blair, Esq. of Glasgow, to Miss Jane Bruce, of Upper Gower-street, Bedford-square; Geo. Marsden, Esq. of Bear street, Liverpool, to Ann, second daughter, of the Rev. Robert Twiss, L. L. D. at St. George's, Queen-square, Lieutenant Meres, R. N., to Miss Sarah Lee, of Devonshire-street.

**Sentence on a Jailor.**

**COURT OF KING'S BENCH, WESTMINSTER, NOV. 21, 1822.**

**THE KING V. BRIDLE.**

It will be well recollected that this defendant, the gaoler of Ilchester, was tried at the last assizes for the county of Somerset, on an information filed against him by His Majesty's Attorney General, charging him with illegally applying a blister to the head of Thomas Gardiner, a prisoner in the gaol, and keeping him in a strait waistcoat, and with acts of cruelty to another person named Mary Cner. The Jury found him guilty on the case applicable to Gardiner, but acquitted him as to Cner, and recommended him to mercy on account of the excellent character given him at the trial.

The ATTORNEY-GENERAL now moved for the judgment of the Court, and the defendant appeared on the floor.

Mr. Justice BEST read the report of the trial.

A great number of affidavits were put in by the defendant. The first was the affidavit of Mr. Bridle himself, giving a history of his life, and of the circumstances attendant on the transaction for which he was convicted. He stated that his father, a small tradesman in the country, with ten children, was unfortunate in business, and entirely unable to maintain his family. Determined not to continue a burden to his parents, under such circumstances, he left his home when between fifteen and sixteen years of age, and had ever since supported himself entirely by his own exertions. He first enlisted in a regiment of cavalry, commanded by Captain Anderton, as a private soldier; but having attracted the notice of his superior officers, was successively promoted to be corporal, sergeant, and quarter-master to the regiment. Having left the service, he became second mate to a large prison ship at Woolwich, and so conducted himself for six years in that situation, that the command of a large vessel was offered to him, if he would remain, when he became candidate for the office of gaoler at Ilchester. He was elected gaoler in preference to between 30 and 40 candidates, and immediately began to assist the Magistrates in a reform of the regulations and discipline of the prison. In this he succeeded so well as to receive their public thanks, and brought the order of the gaol to so high a perfection, that the Magistrates of neighbouring counties sent individuals personally to inspect it, in order that they might adopt its improvements in other prisons. In the twelve years and a half during which he filled that office, he received more than 4,500 prisoners under his care, from whom no complaint was ever successfully presented to the Magistrates, and none of whom left his care without an expression of gratitude for his kindness. Gardiner, the man whom he was charged with illegally punishing, had been capitally convicted of housebreaking, but his sentence of death was commuted to eighteen months' imprisonment to hard labour. He refused to work; he was guilty of a long series of refractory conduct, for which he was seven times punished; once for stabbing a fellow prisoner in the thigh without provocation, and once for picking the pocket of another prisoner of the few shillings, which were all he had in the world. He was placed in solitary confinement; he still remained either insolent or sullen; refused to make any acknowledgment of his offence, and broke out into repeated imprecations against the defendant and the Magistrates. Still the application of the blister was entirely unpremeditated; it arose out of an accidental conversation between Mr. Briar, the surgeon, and the defendant. As Bridle was walking round the prison, he met Briar, and asked how his patients were? Briar answered, "Well;" the defendant replied, that he wished he could cure his patients as easily; and, after alluding to the case of Gardiner, said, "If I were master of the medicine chest, I would try a dose of dirty physic." Briar answered, "I have not a dose, but I have a blister, which may do better." Bridle replied, "You know best," and walked away. The blister applied in consequence of this consent was of the ordinary kind, and not of any unusual pungency. The defendant further declared, that he never, on any other occasion, administered medicine or a blister by way of punishment; that he had reduced the weight of irons in the gaol nearly one-half; that he had applied the savings of his income to the support of his parents, now almost 80 years of age; that 500 men, who had been under his care on board the hulks, had begged to be permitted to testify to his humane and benevolent conduct towards them; that the most unfounded and atrocious statements had been widely circulated against him; that he had been put to an expense by the prosecution which he was little prepared to sustain; and on the whole, he trusted that the sufferings he had already endured would be regarded as some atonement for the offence which he, in a moment of inconsideration, committed.

An affidavit of Sir John Palmer Acland, 45 years a magistrate, and 18 years chairman of the quarter session of Somerset, corroborated the defendant's statements respecting the improvements in the prison, the general approbation of the visiting justices, and the humanity of defendant in attending on the sick and suggesting plans for the amelioration of the miseries of those committed to his charge. In this testimony other

magistrates united. Dr. Woodburn deposed to the attention of Bridle to the sick during the time when typhus fever raged in the prison, at the hazard of his own life, and to the expressions of thankfulness which they used respecting his exertions. Mr. Briar, the surgeon, made affidavit that the blister administered to Gardiner was not dangerous, but might safely be applied to an infant at the breast. The principal turnkey and the constable of the prison concurred in the high character for humanity given to him, in the statements made respecting the conduct of Gardiner. Persons who had known the defendant from his youth, and in the various situations through which he had passed, deposed to his usual good conduct, and described him as uniformly kind to his inferiors, and respectful to those above him. Captain Smith stated that he had behaved with equal humanity and firmness while at Woolwich, and that great numbers of those who had been under his care were eager to testify in his favour. Rebecca Webb, a poor woman, of Shepton Mallet, whose son was executed at Ilchester, described the exertions of the defendant to obtain a commutation of the punishment, and the gratitude expressed by her son to him in the last moments of his life. It appeared that he had received the thanks of many of the inhabitants of Shepton Mallet on the occasion, and had obtained a similar compliment for his efforts to raise a subscription at the jubilee for distressed debtors. As the officer was proceeding to read the other affidavits.

Mr. C. F. WILLIAMS rose and said, that there were many more affidavits to the general good character of the defendant, and to particular incidents in which his humanity had been manifested; but after what the Court had already heard, he should not feel justified in occupying more of their time unless it was wished on the part of the prosecution.

The LORD CHIEF JUSTICE asked if there were any affidavits on the part of the prosecution?

The ATTORNEY GENERAL replied in the negative.

Mr. C. F. WILLIAMS addressed the Court on behalf of the defendant, whom he trusted he might now describe as respectable, though unfortunate. When he had said a few words, the Judges consulted together for some minutes, during which he paused, but ultimately receiving no intimation from them, he proceeded. He urged that it was quite clear the defendant was not called on to answer for inflicting a degree of punishment cruel or excessive in itself, but for authorizing a mode of punishment not authorized by law. This, undoubtedly, was an offence; but when the Court had heard the conduct which provoked the infliction—when they were assured that the blister might have been administered to an infant without injury—when they contemplated that life of virtue, of humanity, and of usefulness which the defendant had passed—and when they thought on all he had already suffered, they would rather regret that such a man should thus be held up to the public gaze as an offender, for such an accidental fault, than desire to inflict on him any additional suffering. The learned counsel then proceeded to contrast the character of Gardiner and the defendant; he dwelt on the hardened villainy of the convict, young in age, but mature in crime, whom a capital sentence could not awe, nor mercy soften. He contended that this man had given false accounts on his trial of the conduct which led to the infliction of the blister, and reminded the Court that the Judge had declared him unworthy of credit, unless corroborated by untainted witnesses. He then adverted to the whole course of the defendant—how, rather than break the bread which his father hardly earned, he had gone out a youth into the wide world—how, amidst the temptations of poverty and friendlessness, he had been unspotted by crime—how he had gradually risen from a private soldier to a respectable station in his regiment; how, in a situation of extreme difficulty, he had displayed both humanity and courage; and in his conduct as a gaoler he had sustained an inquisition, the most severe to which any man's demeanour could be subjected. This man, who had been held up to the world as a "monster"—whose mental agony had exceeded that of almost any human being—had acquired such influence over the minds of hundreds of desperate men, that when they were most tumultuous, if he went in among them unarmed, they became still; he had been the friend of those from whom their natural relatives shrunk with horror; he had been chosen to perform their dying wishes, and received their last blessings. When the prisoners were sick, the first piece of bread broken, the first meat cut at the table of this calumniated individual, was sent to them; their wants were supplied, their pains tenderly alleviated by all the means in his power, without restriction and without reserve. Even when they breathed pestilence, Mr. Bridle did not shrink from his duty, but ministered to their necessities at the peril of his life. It would, perhaps, be difficult to find any individual, who, in so humble a station had an opportunity for the exercise of such virtues, or who could produce so honourable testimonials of his excellence. Five hundred individuals had eagerly pressed forward to give a triumphant refutation to the charge of cruelty which they heard with astonishment—who had nothing to gain from his favour, nor any motive but grateful recollection to prompt them. Such



was the individual now to receive judgment; and well assured he (Mr. Williams) was, though in the unusual and delicate situation of the Attorney and Solicitor-General, they might not feel at liberty to give free scope to their feelings, that those feelings would lead them to regret the duty they were compelled to perform.

Mr. Justice BAYLEY asked if the defendant had not been dismissed from his office in consequence of this charge?

Mr. WILLIAMS replied, in consequence of this and of other charges. The accusations against him were as numerous as there were words in the language; they were the results of unparalleled malignity; their author was a man who produced discord wherever he came, like the champion of whom it was fabled, that where his horse placed his foot, grass never grew; of one—

The LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.—You had better say nothing of this.

Mr. WILLIAMS proceeded.—It was not necessary to his case to animadvert on the conduct of any one, when his client stood under so many favourable circumstances before the Court. For that public to whom he had been a meritorious subject—whose mind must now be disabused of those prejudices which had long been working—he might venture to assert that no further punishment would be regarded with complacency; and when the infliction of punishment was not attended by general sympathy, it was worse than useless. The jury who found him guilty, and who so earnestly recommended him to mercy, had refused to receive any thing if it came from the defendant. In the name of hundreds of persons whom, in the depth of wretchedness, that defendant had consoled—in the name of those dying men who had blessed him for the last consolations they enjoyed—in the name of those Magistrates who had long witnessed his exertions for the reformation of the erring—in the name of all who had borne testimony to his life of humble but exemplary virtue, he called on the Court to regard him with mercy, and to pass such sentence as they would desire to find registered in the great book of account in that day when all would need the compassion of a merciful judge.

Mr. ERSKINE and Mr. MANNING shortly addressed the Court on the same side.

The ATTORNEY-GENERAL said that it was neither his duty nor his wish to withdraw from the consideration of the Court any of those topics of mitigation which the affidavits suggested. Let the defendant have the full benefit of his good character—of his dismissal from his office, which however was not only on this, but on other charges—of all the experience which he had incurred, and of all the distress which he had suffered; but still the offence was one of a serious nature calling for the animadversion of the Court. A gaoler was in a situation of grave responsibility and trust, and ought to be watched with jealous care. It was not because a man had been convicted of a capital offence—not even because he was stained with the most atrocious crimes—that he was to be consigned to the caprices of a gaoler, and visited with new and strange punishment at his will. An attempt was now made, which he was sorry to observe, to throw the suggestion of the blister on the surgeon; but that surgeon was examined on the trial, and swore that the suggestion came from Bridle, and no question was put to him by the able counsel for the defendant to shake his testimony. Even now it was admitted, that Bridle suggested the administration of medicine; and was it to be endured that a gaoler should trifle with the health of prisoners under his care, by giving them medicine as a punishment? The infliction of the strait waistcoat had been kept out of sight; but this proved that the painful operation of the blister was contemplated, and, indeed, so painful did it prove, that the sufferer rubbed it off against the wall, desirous, by so rude a process, of getting rid of the cause of his agony. Besides, how was it that this punishment, if there was no consciousness of its impropriety, never appeared at all in the book of occurrences submitted to the justices? How was it that it was never entered even in the surgeon's book, till six weeks after the event, and then appeared, not as a penal infliction on the obstinate, but a medical application to the sick? If ever there was a case which called for investigation, it was this; and punishment was necessary, not so much for the particular conduct of the individual as for public example. It must not go forth to the world that any man, of however high a character, (and the higher his character the more dangerous his conduct), should with impunity devise and put in execution new modes of punishment unknown to the English law. He did not wish to press for a vindictive punishment, but for such a punishment as might express the sense of the Court on the offence, and afford protection to the prisoner. He had now discharged his painful duty; he left the case with their Lordships and he felt assured that the public, with himself, would feel satisfied with such sentence as they, under all the circumstances, should deem just.

The Judges consulted together for a few minutes, and then directed the defendant to attend again to-morrow and receive judgment. As he was under recognizance, they suggested what he should not be committed, to which assent was given on the part of the Attorney-General. Mr. Bridle bowed low to the Court, and withdrew.

NOVEMBER 22, 1822.

At the sitting of the Court, the defendant appeared on the floor to receive judgment. He was addressed by Mr. Justice BAYLEY in nearly the following terms:—

"You have been found guilty by a jury of your country, for, that you being the keeper of the gaol of Ilchester, did illegally cause a blister to be applied to the head of Thomas Gardiner, a prisoner in your charge, and that you confined him in a strait waistcoat. Of these facts there is no dispute. It appears that the prisoner Gardiner is very young, not more than 18 or 19 years of age; he had been capitally convicted, and his sentence committed to 18 months' imprisonment, and to hard labour. While he was under your care he had been occasionally punished for other offences in the prison, but it does not appear that you bore him any particular enmity. In November, 1820, (on what precise day does not appear) he stated that he was ill; the surgeon examined him, and reported that, as far as he could judge, this was untrue. He was afterwards confined in a solitary cell; and while he was in this situation, you had an unfortunate interview with Mr. Briar, the surgeon, in which on your suggestion to him as he states, or on Briar's suggestion to you as you allege, it was determined to administer a blister, after it had been proposed that he should be physicked in another way. Whether the suggestion came from you or not, does not seem to me to be material; for even in adopting it you committed a great violation of your duty. It is of the utmost importance, not only to the comfort of prisoners, but to their good order, that gaolers should confine themselves strictly within the limits of his authority: while he does so, subordination will probably be maintained, but when he exceeds this power, it will cease. And it is of importance that prisoners should know, that if the gaoler exceeds his duty in punishing them, the Court will visit his conduct with their displeasure. It appears that this blister was prepared by a medical man, and that it was of a kind often and safely applied to infants of tender years; there can therefore be no doubt that its effect was to produce pain without danger. In addition to this, you kept the prisoner for several days in a strait waistcoat; and of these punishments there is no entry in the occurrence book, which shows that you were aware they were wrong, or you would have submitted them in the usual course to the inspection of the visiting magistrates. While this man continued in a solitary cell, there could be no occasion further to restrain him by a strait waistcoat, and though there seemed reason to believe that the application of the blister was unpremeditated, the continuance of the strait waistcoat must have been a deliberate measure. These great deviations from duty are not indeed calculated seriously to injure a prisoner, but to annoy and distress him with pains which the law has not directed. From the evidence it appeared highly probable that Gardiner had misconducted himself prior to the infliction; but his misconduct cannot justify yours. At the trial a number of witnesses were called to speak to the tenor of your life; some who had known you from infancy, who had witnessed your conduct in various situations of trust and confidence, and who had ample opportunities of forming a judgment on your character. From their testimony it appears that you have, in very delicate circumstances, conducted yourself with great propriety, which has been continued during the time you exercised the functions of gaoler of Ilchester. The jury, while they felt it their duty to find you guilty of this offence, were deeply impressed with the character you received, and they earnestly recommended you to the mercy of the Court, that all possible leniency might be shown you. On the application for judgment, you have produced a great number of affidavits to the same effect, describing your conduct as excellent in all the relations of life;—representing you as going beyond your strict duty as a gaoler in the way of benevolence, hazarding your own life to minister to the necessities of the afflicted and dying, and affording them bodily relief and mental consolation. In considering this case, though the Court must attend to the particular facts, they will not exclude from their view the whole tenor of the conduct of the individual before them. Had they reason to think that this was one of a series of similar acts, their judgment would have been extremely different; but as no affidavit has been produced in aggravation of punishment; they must treat it as a solitary exception in your general demeanour. It also does not appear that any permanent injury resulted from the infliction, though the prisoner no doubt suffered temporary distress. In further considering the case the Court cannot refrain from looking at what you have already suffered: you have been deprived of a respectable situation which you have filled for many years with credit; you have endured that mental distress which must be the consequence of the impeachment of your character, and the loss of the esteem of persons above you in station, which you had acquired and felt that you deserved; and you have been put to great anxiety and distress by the proceedings against you. These things the Court consider; but they must show others gaolers that they are not to deviate from that plain line of their duty, to keep those committed to their powers with which the law has armed them. They do not, however think that as you have already received so much punishment, they are now called on to inflict imprisonment upon you; but that the purposes of justice will be answered by a pecuniary fine. They therefore

adjudge, that for the offence of which you have been found guilty you do pay a fine of 50l., and be committed to the custody of the Marshal until such fine be paid."

The defendant, who appeared much affected during this address, burst into tears at its conclusion, and sat down. He shortly after left the court, having (as we believe) paid his fine.

The LORD CHIEF JUSTICE left the Court to attend the Privy Council.

### The Duke de Blacas and Mr. Barry O'Meara.

It is with considerable aversion that we recur to a subject connected with the character of *THE TIMES* journal, from which subject public attention has been for a long time withdrawn; but it is only now that we are able to give an official contradiction to the foul calumny that imputed to us the baseness of accepting money from the Bonapartes for the support which we gave their cause at the latter end of Bonaparte's career. When that calumny first appeared, the most flat contradiction was given to it by those who were engaged in the conducting of the journal; and a letter was immediately addressed to M. le Duc de Blacas, the Minister who was asserted to have paid and taken a receipt for the bribe from a former editor. M. de Blacas, it appears, being continually expected at Paris, the letter was not transmitted to him at Rome, and was consequently only found by him on his recent return to his own country. We here, therefore, insert the letter and its answer on the subject of the supposed bribe and receipt:—

(TRANSLATIONS.)

M. LE DUC.—It is with much regret that I find myself obliged to trouble you. I am indeed, however, to think that you will have the goodness to excuse the liberty which I take.

A peculiar circumstance has just occurred—Mr. Barry O'Meara, late surgeon to Bonaparte at St. Helena—(removed from St. Helena, and dismissed the British service), has lately published a work entitled "A Voice from St. Helena," which contains the following passage:—

"In 1814, the Editor of *The . . . . .* newspaper was paid about three thousand pounds of your money, besides having a great number of copies taken. I told you before that I found his receipt among 'Blacas' papers, on my return from Elba. I do not know if he is in 'their pay now.'"

It is every where thought, that it is *THE TIMES* which the author has wished to stain by this calumnious accusation. May I also be permitted to add, that such an imputation not only goes the length of compromising the character and integrity of that journal; but, which ought to weigh much more with you—that it affects the honour of the Government of your august Sovereign, in supposing that his Royal cause stand in need of support by means of corruption so base and revolting?

It is proper that you should know, M. le Duc, that at the period alluded to, *THE TIMES* was under my direction. Your name is quoted in the article; and you alone are able to satisfy the public that such a proof or acquittance as Mr. O'Meara pretends, has never had any existence. You alone can testify, that I have never received either money or presents of any kind for defending in the above journal the cause of his Most Christian Majesty. Is it, therefore, too much, M. le Duc, to hope from your goodness and justice, that you will support with the authority of your name and word, that the two-fold calumny to which I allude, has never had the least foundation?

So powerful a motive can alone excuse the liberty which I take, of begging that you will have the goodness to favour me with an early answer.—I have the honor to be, with the most profound respect, M. le Duc

Your most humble and most obedient Servant,

London, July 24, 1822.

JOHN WALTER.

Responsible Editor till 1820, and one of the Proprietors of *THE TIMES*.

M. the Duke de Blacas, &c. &c. &c.

ANSWER.

Paris, November 7, 1822.

SIR.—I have only just now received, on my arrival in Paris, the letter which you have done me the honour of writing to me, dated the 24th of July last. It imposes upon me the duty of attesting the falsehood of the allegation got together (*recueillie*) and published by Mr. Barry O'Meara, according to which it might be supposed that you have received from me a sum of three thousand pound sterling, as the price of those opinions which you professed in 1814, in the journal of which you were at that time the Editor. It was impossible that any acquittance of that or any other sum should have been found signed by you among my papers; inasmuch as nothing was ever given or offered to you by my intervention. This is a testimony which I have a pleasure in bearing to the truth, begging you also, Sir, at the same time, to receive that of my distinguished consideration,

BLACAS D'AULPS.

To Mr. John Walter, ancient Editor of *THE TIMES*.

### Half-pay Allowances to Retired Officers—Suttees.

To the Editor of the Asiatic Journal.

SIR,

It is by writing in so useful a periodical publication as that established by you, and so well supported, that statements are made, and suggestions are thrown out, which advance science, and may be productive of much public and private benefit.

From official and individual intercourse with the Court of Directors of the East-India Company, I have always found them ready to attend to scientific projects, the calls of justice, and the interests of their civil and military servants. Under this just impression, therefore, I mention a subject so manifestly well-founded, that the mere statement is sufficient to lead to a simple procedure for its rectification. In India, the pay and allowances granted to our officers are, very properly, equally applicable to the officers of the British service doing duty there. Similarly to this just regulation, the half-pay given at home to His Majesty's officers has at all times been the standard of the same allowed to the Company's retired officers. Some time ago, Government deemed it an equitable measure to advance or increase the full and half-pay of the army. From mere want of *due representation*, this small benefit has not been extended to retired India officers, who are entitled to it, on the above fair and obvious principle. The aggregate sum, when granted, will constitute but a very moderate item in the general expenditure; but were it even much greater, that consideration could not for a moment militate against the justice of an unquestionable claim.

It is not the immediate duty of the Honourable Court to originate a measure, to which I know they will not be averse, when legitimately brought before them. The regular proceeding will be by humble petition to the Chairman and Court of Directors, who possibly may allow the measure to have a retrospective effect, from the date of the formation of the original regulation for the increase of half-pay. To a few men of fortune, the additional pittance will be no object; but far otherwise will be the case of the less wealthy applicants. I, and others, touched this case superficially in some of your former numbers; but from not having suggested a specific course of procedure, with its original strength of claim, it remains unadjusted.

The discussion of the dreadful subject of *Suttees*, in your valuable work, cannot but be productive, ultimately, of the happiest consequences; as it is now made out that these horrid human sacrifices are carried on by . . . . . under a . . . . . system of delusion and immoral deceit, in direct opposition to the very laws of the country. One writer, whom we are to suppose a Brahmin metempsychosed, talks about "the cause he is defending," by some extraordinary and unaccountable perversion of reasoning in a circle, in which he seems doomed to remain long confined, till a happier transmigration of mind relieves him. To be serious, Sir, this very defender allows his better sense to prevail when he says, as adverted to by your correspondent the *Old Indian*, that perhaps he might be inclined to have the law of burning enforced, if done by the natives. I have before me a letter from Bengal, stating that the magistrate applied to, on one occasion, to sanction a *Suttee*, visited the widow prepared to be burnt alive. He observed in her countenance and demeanor such symptoms of wildness and distracted faculties, that though in the presence of the Brahmins, she shewed a determined resolution to immolate herself; he interdicted the barbarous act, in opposition to the prayers, remonstrance and asseveration of the interested relatives of the wretched victim. The body was burnt, and the woman returned to her usual course of life, without any farther inconvenience than risking the denounced wrath of the one hundred and thirty-three millions of . . . . . of the forty-eight thousand prophets, and worse than all, of the Brahmins and relatives who want of her property. The letter states another similar instance of the prevention of this crime, without any bad consequences. In an able work recently published, I read as follows: "The advocate for legislative interference to suppress the . . . . . and unnatural practice of female immolation, although warmed with the justice of his cause, does not fail to produce arguments which I cannot but think ought to satisfy the greatest alarmists. If ever I had a doubt of the expediency of abolishing by law, this inhuman custom, that doubt no longer exists; and we shall hail with delight the day, when the arm of the law shall in mercy be outstretched, to rescue from a death of torments those unhappy objects, who are now permitted, in compliance with those unhappy customs, to break every law, human and divine." Such Sir, is the prevalent feeling in India; and we have only to order the Hindoo law to be strictly executed, to be fully warranted to conclude, from experience and a knowledge of human nature, that instead of a thousand innocent victims annually sacrificed, ten will not face death in an appalling and terrible form.

Summerland Place, Exeter, Sept. 5, 1822.

JOHN MACDOLAND.



## Don Carlos, or Persecution.

*Don Carlos; or Persecution. A Tragedy in five Acts. By Lord John Russell. Sec. pp. 119. London 1822. Longman and Co.*

THE melancholy fate of the infant Don Carlos, as perversely represented by partial historians, has frequently formed a groundwork for the tragic drama; and were we to hold with the elder rule-givers, or even with Heinias\* or Hawkins† as preceptors, or with the mass of English poets of the last century, or the best French dramatists of all ages, as examples, we should be prone to acknowledge that the subject was admirably adapted for the stage. But it appears to us, that without the introduction of some additional incidents, characters and passions, the story of Carlos is insufficient for the construction of a tragedy of the highest order. There is little in the circumstances to create interest and though pity may be excited, the stronger and more agitating feelings have nothing to rouse them in the cold judicial catastrophe which destroyed the life of this young prince. Owing to the causes thus endeavoured to be accounted for, Lord John Russell's Play partakes of the inevitable evenness, not to say tameless, of the plot. There is but one moving principle, and that very little varied, *Ambition*. King Philip is ambitious and bigoted; Prince Carlos is ambitious and liberal; Valdez, the grand inquisitor, is satanically ambitious; and the Queen, in the midst of these leading characters so actuated, can only be prudent and insipid, in which latter quality, by the way, Carlos himself participates. The other parts are Don Luis and Donna Leonora de Cordoba, through whom the noble author has attempted to introduce some variety; as the former hates and betrays the prince in revenge for a blow, and the latter loves and betrays him in consequence of jealousy and unrequited affection. Lucero, an inquisitor, Osorio, a faithful agent of Carlos, and the Bishop of Osma, also his friend (whose name is forgotten in the *Dramatis Personæ*.) complete the persons of the Drama, and are otherwise little distinguished.

Having offered these general remarks, we shall now proceed to a more minute view of this composition, and adduce passages which we think will rank the author among the poets of his time, about the class of the Rowes and Southerners rather than of the Walpoles and inferior names; desiring it to be understood, that our admiration of the Tragedy as a whole is but moderate, though there are parts which we consider exceedingly fine. The defects are, want of dramatic interest, an inherent coldness in the historical facts, and a formality in the sentiments and situations which however classical and regular, is a poor substitute for those bursts of passion that give wild energy to the scene, and call forth the grandest effusions of genius in the Bard. In the details, when not fettered by these obstructions, Lord John Russell has often evinced a true vein of poetry, and displayed a mind capable of a far more successful effort, if employed on a theme more congenial to Melpomene, than an alliance of politics and theology with the unwilling Muse.

Don Carlos is dedicated to Lord Holland; and a preface points out the author's historical authorities, asserting at the same time his right to depart from them when they do not suit his purpose. This argument is sensible, and, to us, convincing; for we never could read without astonishment those criticisms upon plays of this kind, which laboured at censure, because, forsooth, the writer did not strictly adhere to history. This trite absurdity was lately much revived with regard to Croly's admirable *Catiline*, and from the grave quotations, comparisons, and researches brought forward by the tedious triflers, one would have fancied it a canon not to be violated, that a Play, and the History on which it was founded, should be identical! What says Lord J. Russell?

"I trust I shall not be severely censured for these large deviations from true story. It is surely somewhat unreasonable, on the part of a 'gentle reader,' to require from the author of a professed work of fiction, a strict adherence to fact; and to confine the writer of a novel or a play to the same rules which are rightly imposed upon an historian. We may find fault with Voltaire for having displayed to us, in too favourable a light, the court of Louis XIV.; but it would not be equally just to blame Madame de Genlis for having embellished, in her romance, the character of Madame de la Vallière. It is proper to blame Hume for suppressing facts discreditable to his heroes, the Stuarts; but it is going somewhat too far to call the author of 'Old Mortality' to account for the partial colouring he has given to his historical characters."

In point of fact, the thing was never done without rendering the drama a monotonous dialogue, like the Histories by question and answer for Children, of which our quondam publisher, Pinnoek, has furnished as many commendable examples as would constitute him a dramatist of *Lope-de-Vega* voluminousness. Shakespeare knew better; and, truth to say, his characters have almost superseded the realities of history. Richmond is amiable; the Widow of Edward and her daughter Elizabeth only temporizing; and Richard's own mother a Lancastrian.

\* De tragœdiæ contractiones.  
† Origin of the English Drama, &c.

Elsewhere he evokes supernatural agency to produce his dramatic effects and follows the dry details of his original hints no farther than they are applicable to his great design, which is the right use to make of such materials. No architect carries up the clay of his foundation to construct his attics.

Having been led so far into disquisition, we know not that we can better illustrate the Tragedy than by following a method which is rather a favorite with us, as suiting our limits, and at the same time illustrating our author, we in an that of quoting such passages as strike us, under proper heads, and leaving the appreciation of their merits, with very little commentary, to the taste of the public. *Suspicion* is thus poetically painted:

Valdez. Fear not:  
The king has got a demon: 'tis suspicion;  
Whose senses are refined to pain, whose ears  
Are stung to madness by a cricket's chirp;  
Whose jaundiced eyes in every sheep perceive  
A covert wolf; and, mark you well, Lucero,  
He who reposes not in confidence  
That men are somewhat better than they are,  
Conceives them worse; . . . .

The King himself, in a soliloquy, thus further and finely pursues the same theme:

. . . . . the boy!  
How have I tended him from infancy  
To be my age's staff; thinking to rest  
On him my heavier cares, and contained schemes  
Big with the glories of a future age;  
And now he is a vulture, hovering o'er me,  
Watching my death to feed on my remains.  
The people cry: "There is the prince shall reign  
When Philip is no more!" old nurses bless  
His beardless face, and silly children toss  
Their tiny caps into the air; while I  
Am met by frigid reverence, passive awe,  
That fears, yet dares not own itself for fear;  
As though the public hangman stalked behind me.  
And this it is to reign—to gain men's hate.  
Thus for the future monarch, Fancy weaves  
A spotless robe, entwines his sceptre round  
With flowery garlands, places on his head  
A crown of laurels, while the weary present,  
Like a stale riddle or a last-year's fashion,  
Carries no grace with it. Base, vulgar world!  
'Tis thus that men for ever live in hope,  
And he that has done nothing is held forth  
As capable of all things; poor weak herd!  
Heaven save me from the breath of their applause!

The pure love of the Queen is also portrayed with great beauty by Donna Leonora, interrogated by Philip:

. . . . . if Don Carlos in her presence stands,  
Then like a statue starting into life,  
Her cheeks blush deep with rosy streams; her eyes  
Glow with unusual fires; her arms, her hands,  
No longer move with languor: all her frame  
In animated gesture speaks the soul;  
Though still her timid modesty of mind  
Tempers with grace the beauty of her mien.

Philip. She welcomes him?

Leonora. Yes, sire, such welcome gives  
As when upon the dark blank world the sun  
Pours forth his beams; when undistinguished space  
Grows rich with meaning; hill, and lake, and plain  
Glitter in new-born light and hail the day:—  
Such is the queen, when to our quiet hours  
Don Carlos gives his leisure.

Birth-day gifts are mentioned by the Spy, and Philip, displaying clear insight into the human heart, says—

Madam, it is well:  
Such gifts are but the bonds of courtesy,  
That add civility to kindred ties:  
(Aside) Yet like I not such tokens always worn:  
Love oftentimes that dares not lead his march  
Direct from heart to heart, by such bye-baths  
Conducts his enterprizes; and warm desires  
That would shrink back from looking on the life,  
Are yet excited by the fond caress.

[Fortitude.] . . . . Fortitude  
Rewards itself, and dries the stream of grief  
In its own source, the mind.

[A Portrait.] . . . Carlos is hot,  
Sudden in anger, eager in discourse,  
His feelings come all struggling to his lips  
Unmarshalled by the wand of Prudence; hence  
His enemies catch up a wayward phrase  
Or thoughtless word, and dress it in a shape  
That makes it monstrous . . .

[The same self-drawn.]  
My faculties but ill become a prince:  
Our mother Nature with a strange caprice  
Fits us for other parts than those we play:  
A priestly robe covers the brawny limbs  
And lion-heart that should have been a soldier's;  
While many a delicate fibre that seems formed  
To be for ever wrapt in silken bonds  
Is torn by peasant toil, or wastes itself  
Beneath the scorching Phoebus, or night-storm,  
In guarding camps: I, even, I, was framed  
To wander idly all the day in woods.  
To gather flowers, to feed on the wild grape,  
To drink the natural spring, to list to birds,  
And find my joy in breathing balmy air—  
I was not made for courts or camps.

[The cares of royalty.]  
Ill do you know the spectral forms that wait  
Upon a king: Care with his furrowed brow,  
Unsleeping Watchfulness, lone Secrecy;  
Attend his throne by day, his couch by night:  
He stands the guardian of a beacon tower;  
If storms arise, they rage around his head;  
If lightnings fall, they strike upon his roof;  
And in the gladness of a summer day.  
As in the tempest of a winter night,  
He walks apart, companionless, to watch  
If 'gainst the common-weal a foe appear,  
And call the world to arms.

[Justice.—Osma at the Inquisition.]  
Gracious sire,  
Here Justice sits alone—a frowning power,  
Whose presence is too terrible for man,  
Unless her sister, Mercy, standing by,  
Temper the ruthless rigour of her brow.

[Procrastination.]  
Our greatest actions, or of good or evil,  
The hero's and the murderer's spring at once  
From their conception: oh, how many deeds  
Of deathless virtue and immortal crime  
The world had wanted, had the actor, said,  
I will do this to-morrow!

[A wicked Priest.]  
Valdez. . . . Canst thou not see?  
The feebleness of common man proceeds  
From hosts of appetites that tear the soul  
With mingled purpose: his resolves are weak,  
His vision clouded; but my appetites  
Were in one potent essence concentrate;  
I neither loved, nor feasted, nor played dice;  
Power was my feast, my mistress, and my game.  
Thus have I acted with a will entire,  
And wreathed the passions that distracted others  
Into a sceptre for myself.

Don Carlos' Soliloquy in his prison cell, with which we conclude these extracts, is perhaps the sweetest and most touching quotation which they Play affords.

Abode of misery! to what a line  
Of wretched men am I the heir—the walls  
Themselves speak dreadful language, here are names:  
And here a thousand marks engraved to tell  
As many days of suffering: pshaw! away  
Such gloomy thoughts! they make me sick at heart.—  
The light is disappearing through the dim  
And narrow window of my cell—'tis evening!  
At this same hour of evening, I have stood  
Upon the borders of the mountain ridge  
That skirts the plain of Seville; the broad sun  
In full effulgence o'er a cloudless sky  
Poured his last flood of brightness: the brown hills,  
The aloes hedge and rhododendron wild,  
The golden orange and the purple grape  
All seemed as clothed in light; and now 'tis gone!  
The god of day has vanished: a low bell  
The general stillness breaks, but not offends;

All tongues are whispering prayer and thanks to heaven;  
And soon again the light guitar is heard  
And aged grandsires with young hearts behold  
The tender maidens that with graceful step  
Lead on the village dance—and yet how many  
Of those who thus rejoice, and sleep at night,  
And wake at sunrise with a heart at ease  
Would fain be Philip's heir; and dream that then  
They should indeed be happy—poor vain worm.

After perusing these columns, it would be a needless question to ask if the author of Don Carlos has not shewn himself a genuine poet; all that we regret is, that he has chosen a middle-earth subject, the atmosphere of which damp his fire and represses his enthusiasm. Surely he who penned these passages could have sustained a higher flight. We have slightly alluded to the admission of politics and religion into this drama, and wherever they are alluded to they also cramp the poet, though the following (allowing for the author's known opinions,) is worthy of exception. Philip says

. . . . . mark my words:  
There are some busy spirits in the world,  
Whose tempers in the natural food of life  
Lack aliment, as ships whose sails in calm  
Flap to and fro, and waste their action; souls  
Whose order is disturbance; they must find  
Or make a plot, and should they fail to raise  
The subject 'gainst the prince, they move the prince  
To vex the subject: black unnatural treasons  
Rise at their bidding: spirits, dark as hell,  
Foul murders, sacrilege, conspiracy  
Wait at their beck, and instant on their call  
People the earth with horrors: there are others,  
Chapmen of human life, whose trade is blood,  
Who like the vampire live and suck their breath  
From the stern scaffold, where their comrades' heads  
Lie bathed in gore—oh, think on this and doubt!—

On his, the king's exit, Valdez speaks: Farewell

Thou great example of serenity!  
The hill whose top beholds without a change  
The change of season: thou, whose mind is free  
From cambrons trammels of humanity!  
These great men of the earth affect a wisdom  
Their closer life belies, sit wrapt in clouds  
Of mystery that cheat the distant eye  
But cannot blunt the near observer's glance.  
Destroy their people; steadfast as the oak,  
They bear the tempest: but if touched themselves,  
In their least joint, by a slight breath of air,  
They tremble like the reed—oh, magnanimity!

The blots, which it is our critical duty to place in opposition to the graces we have set down, will not, we rejoice to say, occupy much space, as they are principally comprized in our general analysis, and we are besides inclined rather to catalogue than reason on them.

Cordoba's hatred is thus accounted for—Don Carlos then was cholerick; he struck

In some short fit of passion his attendant;  
Forgot it, and believed it was forgiven:  
But this same Cordoba, ignobly framed,  
Of base low hatreds, and means coward fears,  
Has panted ever since for treble vengeance,  
Yet dares not ask his own right arm to do it.

This is, in our judgement, a mistaken view of humanity: revenge such as here described, must be rooted in a nobleness of mind, however erroneous—the affront could not be felt sufficiently by a base low soul.

Valdez calls Leonora "the sharpest tool of all," which Polonius might pronounce "a vile phrase." Philip addresses the Inquisitor "old priest," which is out of keeping. Page 21, "Heaven" is a dissyllable, or the verse halts for it. 28, an expletive—

The King with his own voice gave out the order.  
32, questionable figure.

Villain—speak it not—

I have betrayed myself; my present trouble  
Has made a fracture in my mind; its thoughts  
Flow out unchecked; . . .

But we will not chase these notes. The Play ends poorly; and the scene between the Queen and Carlos in prison, which might have been the highest wrought of all, is one of the least meritorious in thoughts, and language. Osma, we think, speaks unlike a Spanish Bishop of his era; and Philip is drawn inconsistently both as it regards history and nature. His union of policy and blindness, sound views and jealousy, prudence and folly, parental feeling and cruel apathy, could not co-exist in the same creature. But to conclude—Don Carlos is honourable to its author, and promises much if he wills to perform.



# Adventures of John Nicol.

*The Life and Adventures of John Nicol, Mariner.* 12ms. pp. 215. Edinburgh 1822. W. Blackwood.

THIS auto-biography is of a nondescript class. It is, we believe, a genuine and authentic narrative of the life of a real Robinson Crusoe; that is to say, of a man who had in early life that determination towards the sea, which, like the predilection of a Newfoundland dog for water, nothing can restrain, and who, without settling on a desert island saw more of the world than is pretended of his imaginary prototype.

"My life, (says the author in his Introduction,) for a period of twenty-five years, was a continued succession of change.—Twice I circumnavigated the globe; three times I was in China; twice in Egypt; and more than once sailed along the whole landboard of America from Nootka Sound to Cape Horn; twice I doubled it.—But I will not anticipate the events I am about to narrate.

"Old as I am, my heart is still unchanged; and were I young and stout as I have been, again would I sail upon discovery; but, weak and stiff, I can only send my prayers with the tight ship and her merry hearts."

We would we could add that the heart of our weather-beaten Tar is itself merry: but lamentable to say, the old man; after all his buffetings, is now living as he may—without prog in the storeroom, and all his sails aback. Poor soul! sincerely do we hope that this publication will lead to the making of his last days comfortable, and that, besides what private kindness may do, the sailor will no longer want a share in that bounty which his country bestows on its veteran defenders. Sure we are that if Mr. Lizars has done justice to his portrait in the frontispiece, and the Editor to this curious narration, Lord Melville will not be slow in granting a pension to the worn-out seaman who took part in the glorious victories of St. Vincent and the Nile.

John Nicol was born in 1755, near Edinbro'. His father was by trade a cooper, a very useful handicraft for a lad so wholly possessed with the love of the sea. In 1769 he was taken to London, and the voyage seems to have confirmed his disposition; though his return to Scotland and apprenticeship to the business of a cooper retarded its gratification till 1776, when he entered on board a vessel at Leith, and sailed to Canada. With this the travel of his simple story commences, and however unadornedly told, readers will find so much of interest in the difference of pictures between now and forty years ago, that we think a few quotations from the log-book must please a great majority of tastes.

In Canada, where he remained 18 months, Nichol observes—

"The French eat many kinds of the serpents that abound in the country; whether they are good eating I do not know, as I never could bring myself to taste them: they must be good, as it is not for want of other varieties they are made choice of. I often went of an evening with my master to catch them; we caught them with forked sticks; the Frenchman was very dexterous, and I soon learned. We often caught two dozen in an evening; when we perceived one, we ran the forks of the stick upon its neck behind the head, and holding it up from the ground, beat it upon the head with the other, until we dispatched it. When we came home, the heads were cut off, and the snakes skinned: their skins were very beautiful, and many of the officers got scabbards made of them for their swords.

On leaving this country he embarked in the *Surprise* of 29 guns, Capt. Reeves, and in her took part in the action with the American ship *Jason*, Capt. Manly. Of this battle he gives a very characteristic account:

"After a short but severe action, we took the *Jason* of Boston, commanded by the famous Captain Manly, who had been commodore in the American service, had been taken prisoner, and broke his parole. When Captain Reeves hailed and ordered him to strike, he returned for answer, 'Fire away I have as many guns as you.' He had heavier metal, but fewer men than the *Surprise*. He fought us for a long time I was serving powder as busy as I could, the shot and splinters flying in all directions; when I heard the Irishmen call from one of the guns (they fought like devils, and the captain was fond of them upon that account,) 'Halloo Bungo, where are you?' I looked to their gun, and saw the two horns of my study (anvil) across its mouth; the next moment it was through the *Jason's* side. The rogues thus disposed of my study, which I had been using just before the action commenced, and had placed in a secure place, as I thought, out of their reach. 'Bungo for ever!' they shouted, when they saw the dreadful hole it made in the *Jason's* side. Bungo was the name they always gave the cooper.

When Captain Manly came on board the *Surprise*, to deliver his sword to Captain Reeves, the half of the rim of his hat was shot off. Our captain returned his sword to him again, saying, 'You have had a narrow escape, Manly.'—'I wish to God it had been my head,' he replied.

"When we boarded the *Jason*, we found thirty-one cavalry, who had served under General Bdrgeyne, acting now as marines on board the *Jason*."

We here find that the seduction of British combatants into the American service is not a novelty of the late war. But to proceed with "Bungo," for so the sailors called our cooper,—he tells us that after returning to England—

"We again took convoy for St. John's, in the fleet was a vessel called the *ARK*, commanded by Captain Noah. She was an armed transport. This we called *NOAH'S ARK*. In our voyage out, an American privateer, equal in weight of metal, but having forty five men, the *ARK* only sixteen, bore down upon her. The gallant *NOAH*, in his *ARK*, gave battle, we looking on; and, after a sharp contest, took the American, and brought her alongside, her captain lying dead upon her deck. Captain Reeves, with consent of the crew, gave the prize to Noah, who carried her in triumph to Halifax, and sold her."

His next trip was to the West Indies, where, sailor-like, he entered into all the fun on shore. Among other recreations, he visited the negroes at *Home*, and on this, as on other occasions, his description not only displays the invincible curiosity of his mind, but also the kindness of his heart and the naiveté of his manner.

"There was a black upon the estate, who had been on the island of St. Kitt's when Rodney defeated the French fleet. He had seen the action, and was never tired speaking of it, nor his auditors of listening. He always concluded with this remark, 'The French 'tand 'tiff, but the English 'tand far 'tiffer. De all de same as game cock, de die on 'pot.'

"They are apt to steal, but are so very credulous, they are easily detected. Captain Young gave a black butcher, of the name of Coffee, a hog to kill. When the captain went to see it, Coffee said,—

"'This very fine hog, Massa, but I never see a hog like him in all my life, he have no liver, no light.'—Captain Young. 'That is strange, Coffee; let me see in the book.' He took a memorandum-book out of his pocket, turned over a few leaves, and looked very earnest.

"I see Coffee go to hell bottom,—hog have liver and lights.' Coffee shook like an aspen leaf, and said,—

"O Massa, Coffee no go to hell bottom,—hog have liver and lights. He restored them, and, trembling, awaited his punishment. Captain Young only laughed, and made him a present of them."

It is not our purpose to follow John Nicol in all his peregrinations; nor can we expect that our readers would relish more than a rough outline of his voyages, and an amusing extract here and there, where it occurs. In 1785 he sailed on a voyage of discovery round the world in the *KING GEORGE*, Captain Portlock, in company with the *QUEEN CHARLOTTE* Captain Dixon.

They staid long among the Sandwich Islands, and especially at Owhyee, being the first ships there after the murder of Captain Cook.

"The natives (says Nicol) came on board in crowds, and were happy to see us; they recognized Portlock and others, who had been on the island before, along with Cook. Our decks were soon crowded with hogs, bread-fruit, yams, and potatoes. Our deck soon resembled shambles; our butcher had fourteen assistants. I was as busy and fatigued as I could be cutting iron hoops into lengths of eight and nine inches, which the carpenter ground sharp. These were our most valuable commodity in the eyes of the natives. I was stationed down in the hold of the vessel, and the ladders were removed to prevent the natives from coming down to the treasury. The King of Owhyee looked to my occupation with a wistful eye; he thought me the happiest man on board, to be among such vast heaps of treasure. Captain Portlock called to me to place the ladder, and allow the King to come down, and give him a good long piece. When the King descended he held up his hands, and looked astonishment personified. When I gave him the piece of hoop of twenty inches long, he retired a little from below the hatch into the shade, undid his girdle, bent the iron to his body, and, adjusting his belt in the greatest haste, concealed it. I suppose he thought I had stole it. I could not but laugh to see the king concealing what he took to be stolen goods.

"We were much in want of oil for our lamps. The sharks abounding, we baited a hook with a piece of salt pork, and caught the largest I ever saw in any sea; it was a female, nineteen feet long; it took all hands to hoist her on board; her weight made the vessel heel,

When she was cut up we took forty-eight young ones out of her belly, eighteen inches long; we saw them go into her mouth after she was hooked. The hook was fixed to a chain attached to our mainbrace, or we never would have kept her. It was evening when she snapped the bait; we hauled the head just above the surface, the swell washing over it. We let her remain thus all night, and she was quite dead in the morning. There were in her stomach four hogs, four full grown turtle, besides the young ones. Her liver, the only part we wanted, filled a tierce.

"They are the worst people to pronounce the English of any I ever was among. Captain Portlock they called Potipoti. The nearest approach they could make to my name was Nittie; yet they would make the greatest efforts, and look so angry at themselves, and vexed at their vain efforts.

"We had a merry facetious fellow on board, called Dickson. He sang pretty well. He quitted, and the natives mimicked him. Abenone, King of Atool, could cock his eye like Dickson better than any of his subjects. Abenone called him Billicany, from his often singing Rule Britannia. Abenone learned the air, and the words as near as he could pronounce them. It was an amusing thing to hear the king and Dickson sing. Abenone loved him better than any man in the ship, and always embraced him every time they met on shore, or in the ship, and began to sing, 'Tule Billicany tule,' &c.

"We had the chief on board who killed Captain Cook for more than three weeks. He was in bad health, and had a smelling-bottle, with a few drops in it, which he used to smell at; we filled it for him. There were a good many hayonets in possession of the natives, which they had obtained at the murder of Captain Cook."

Our author's next remarkable trip was in the *LADY JULIAN*, Captain Aitken, a vessel which carried out 245 female convicts to New South Wales. His account of the voyage would throw Mrs. Fry and all the Newgate Committee into fits, make Mr. Grey Bennet rave, and fill every philanthropical heart with a horrible delight that such things were and are not.

"There were not (says our authority) a great many very bad characters; the greater number were for petty crimes, and a great proportion for only being disorderly, that is, street walkers; the colony at the time being in great want of women.

"One, a Scottish girl, broke her heart, and died in the river; she was buried at Dartford. Four were pardoned on account of his Majesty's recovery. The poor young Scottish girl I have never yet got out of my mind; she was young and beautiful, even in the convict dress, but pale as death, and her eyes red with weeping. She never spoke to any of the other women, or came on deck. She was constantly seen sitting in the same corner from morning to night; even the time of meals roused her not. My heart bled for her,—she was a country woman in misfortune. I offered her consolation, but her hopes and heart had sunk. When I spoke she heeded me not, or only answered with sighs and tears; if I spoke of Scotland she would ring her hands and sob, until I thought her heart would burst. I endeavoured to get her sad story from her lips, but she was silent as the grave to which she hastened. I lent her my Bible to comfort her, but she read it not; she laid it on her lap after kissing it, and only bedewed it with her tears. At length she sunk into the grave, of no disease but a broken heart. After her death we had only two Scottish women on board, one of them a Shetlander.

"I went every day to the town to buy fresh provisions and other necessaries for them. As their friends were allowed to come on board to see them, they brought money, and numbers had it of their own, particularly a Mrs. Barusley, a noted sharper and shop-lifter. She herself told me her family, for one hundred years back, had been swindlers and highwaymen. She had a brother a highwayman, who often came to see her, as well dressed and genteel in his appearance as any gentleman. . . .

"Those from the country came all on board in irons; and I was paid half-a-crown a head by the country jailers, in many cases, for striking them off upon my anvil, as they were not locked but rivetted. There was a Mrs. Davis, a noted swindler, who had obtained great quantities of goods under false names, and other equally base means. We had one Mary Williams, transported for receiving stolen goods. She and one eight had been a long time in Newgate, where Lord George Gordon had supported them I went once a week to him, and got their allowance from his own hand all the time we lay in the river. . . .

"We had on board a girl pretty well behaved, who was called, by her acquaintance, a daughter of Pitt's. She herself never contradicted

it. She bore a most striking likeness to him in every feature, and could scarce be known from him as to looks. We left her at Port Jackson.

"Some of our convicts I have heard even to boast of the crimes and murders committed by them and their accomplices; but the far greater number were harmless unfortunate creatures, the victims of the basest seduction.

"When we were fairly out at sea, every man on board took a wife from among the convicts, they nothing loath. The girl with whom I lived, for I was as bad in this point as the others, was named Sarah Whitlam. She was a native of Lincoln, a girl of a modest reserved turn, as kind and true a creature as ever lived. I courted her for a week and upwards, and would have married her upon the spot, had there been a clergyman on board. She had been banished for a mantle she had borrowed from an acquaintance. Her friend prosecuted her for stealing it and she was transported for seven years. I had fixed my fancy upon her from the moment I knocked the rivet out of her irons upon my anvil and as firmly resolved to bring her back to England, when her time was out, my lawful wife, as ever I did intend any thing in my life. She bore me a son in our voyage out. What is become of her, whether she is dead or alive, I know not. That I do not is no fault of mine, as my narrative will show."

The voyage thus ends:—

"At length, almost to our sorrow, we made the land upon the 3d of June 1790 just one year all but one day from our leaving the river. We landed all our convicts safe."

Without returning to the pacific, detailing all the love fancies of Master Nicol, and his disappointment in regard to his fair convict, his marriage and settlement in his native land, and the natural causes which have plunged him into an old age of distress, we shall now take our leave of his brief but interesting volume. The battle of Cape St. Vincent, on the 14th February, he very happily describes as giving the enemy "their Valentines in style;" and that of the Nile has also some truly sailor-like touches.

We have but to repeat our regret that after all poverty is the lot of this man many strange sights, vicissitudes, and perils. His tale is quite affecting.

"At one time (he says,) after I came home, I little thought I should ever require to apply for a pension; and, therefore, made no application until I really stood in need of it.

"I eke out my subsistence in the best manner I can. Coffee made from the raspings of bread, (which I obtain from the bakers) twice a day, is my chief diet. A few potatoes, or any thing I can obtain with a few pence, constitute my dinner. My only luxury is tobacco, which I have used these forty-five years. To beg I never will submit. Could I have obtained a small pension for my past services, I should then have reached my utmost earthly wish, and the approach of utter helplessness would not haunt me as it at present does in my solitary home. Should I be forced to sell it, all I would obtain could not keep me, and pay for lodgings for one year; then I must go to the poor-house, which God in his mercy forbid. I can look to my death-bed with resignation: but to the poor-house I cannot look with composure.

"I have been a wanderer, and the child of chance, all my days; and now only look for the time when I shall enter my last ship, and be anchored with a green turf upon my breast; and I care not how soon the command is given."

Sincerely do we trust, and almost assured do we feel, that this notice in the *LITERARY GAZETTE* will do something towards lightening the old man's load; his story has excited much of our sympathy, and we shall take means to render it not a barren feeling.

\* One on his anecdotes of a pressed man at his examination is worth preserving.

"A curious scene happened at my entry. There were a few more imprisoned on the same day, one an old tar. When asked by Captain Rogers, in his examination, how they hauled the main tack aboard? he replied, 'I can't tell, your honour, but I can show.' He elaped his foot into Captain Rogers' pocket, at the same instant leaped on his shoulders, tore his coat to the skirts, saying, 'Thus we haul it aboard.' Captain Bearfoot, of the *NOTTINGHAM*, and the other captains, laughed heartily, as well as Rogers, who said, rather peevishly, 'You might have shown it, without tearing my coat.'—'How could I, your honour?' was the reply.



# ASIATIC DEPARTMENT.

—701—

## Chowringhee Theatre.

Expecting that the attraction of a good and strongly-cast Play, besides the novelty of two *debutants*, would have drawn together an overflowing audience at Chowringhee on Friday night, we hurried away in order to obtain a good seat, so that we might lose nothing of the intellectual treat prepared for us. To our regret, however, we found, altho' we arrived at the house somewhat later than we intended, that there was ample room for the selection of seats; more than half the ranges of them, in the Boxes, being vacant. The Pitt too, was poorly peopled, and our expectations of a crowded Theatre, to reward the exertions of the Performers, were by no means fulfilled. However, shortly after the hour for commencing the Performance arrived, the vacancies began to fill up; and by half-past 7, when the curtain rose, there was what may be considered a fair house, altho' many seats were still unoccupied.—Now to the Performance.

Of the Piece represented last night, "*The School of Reform, or how to Rule a Husband*," Mrs. Inchbald thus speaks:

"It is bold in its outline, interesting in its events, and moral in its purposes. Still it is not amongst the best dramas of Mr. Morton. The reader will here find both improbable characters and occurrences. In the one Mr. FERMENT, stands foremost and in the other, some of the incidents in which he is chiefly concerned."

In this opinion we do not entirely concur: the play is indeed bold in its outline, and moral in its purposes; but that moral purpose is well developed by the plot. It is undoubtedly evident, that the author had a moral in view; but the lesson he would teach, is by no means impressive. Guilt, the most atrocious, is unpunished, except by the stings of conscience; and even these, are, in one case, after a sudden reformation instantaneously succeeded by the calm serenity of conscious innocence. Thus the character of TYKE, though his Yorkshire dialect and low humour, previous to his sudden repentance, keep us in one continued roar, of laughter,—is that of a determined villain, who can be awakened to remorse only by a discovery that he has, in filching the purse of an aged and helpless old man, been guilty of robbing his own father; whose grey hairs he had brought with sorrow to the brink of the grave. Then, indeed, he awakens naturally enough to a deep sense of his guilt; but that he should so suddenly, as he does, throw off all the evil propensities he had indulged in, for a long series of years, and become the steady advocate of virtue, is not quite natural; and, indeed, appears to us much more improbable than the existence of such a character as Mr. FERMENT,—a self-sufficient coxcomb who, from a want of that first rudiment of knowledge—*NOSE TELLER*, pretends to see twice as far as any one else." But what is the punishment of such guilt as that of TYKE? Why, a momentary pang of conscience for an act, which might have kindled remorse, we may say, in the breast of a demon;—and then, he slides into virtue, and his rustic habiliments, and the habits and employments of honest industry with as much ease, as one draws on his gloves; and thus having pruned away his vices, with as much celerity as he trimmed his chin, or as a serpent casts its slough, he comes forth as pure as if he had never mingled with the Jockey Lords, who "cleaned him out," or had never left the ploughtail.

With Lord AVONDALE again, whose guilt is of a more atrocious, as his rank is of a so much higher order, the penalty of vice—of crime, indeed, is equally light; he has indeed his "compunctious visitings," but after meditating even murder to accomplish his villainy, his punishment is that he remains in possession of all his worldly honours; and the woman of his heart, the winner of his early affections, is restored to him. That some of the incidents are uncommon, we agree with Mrs. INCHBALD: and more particularly we are of opinion, that there is not sufficient interest exhibited for the commission of the atrocities of Lord AVONDALE.

Of the manner in which this Play was represented, we cannot speak with any confidence of being able to do just ce either to

our own feelings, or to the merits of the performance: but before we proceed to notice the individual exertions of those to whom we are indebted for our evening's entertainment, we must say, that collectively, they merit our admiration and our thanks.

The part of Lord AVONDALE was sustained, throughout, with dignified propriety. We had nothing to complain of, except indeed, that, in the exhibition of the workings of remorse and despair, we should have liked to have seen a little more energy and animation thrown into the character. In some scenes, however, this was not wanting; and on the whole, it was very creditably performed.

But of TYKE, what shall we say—what can we say, to evince that we fully appreciate his sterling merits as an actor? In the ludicrous scenes, our sides aching with laughter bore testimony to his comic talents. In the pathetic parts of the character, we ceased to remember the illusions of the drama, and felt as if the reality of grief appealed to our hearts; so vividly was it portrayed before our eyes. This gentleman has been compared to the alchemist, who turns all he touches into gold; and, indeed, whilst he is on the stage, the audience are so completely under the magic influence of his theatrical powers, that their feelings take no course but what he wills—they laugh when he laughs—they grieve when he grieves and when he talks of heaven and repentance, their thoughts, if we may judge by their countenances and our own feelings, are not of earth. It is impossible to select instances of particular success from the performance of this Actor; because he was equally happy in the representation of the character throughout; but a few quotations from some of the most striking scenes, which are the best calculated to develop theatrical talent, may not be out of place. The following dialogue of the third scene, afforded a rich specimen of the Actor's comic powers:—

"Tyke. Well, well;—and that big lump of money! you see, as I had not worked for it, it made me quite fidgetty; I always had my hand in my pocket, scroumelling it about like—so, as all Yorkshire lads like galloping horses, I bought one, and took't to races, up at our country side—and, ecod! I pulled stuff into my hat as clean as nine pence. Oh, oh! says I, I'll make short work of this; I'll go to Newmarket where the lords do bring their cattle, and settle matters in a hurry. So I went, and mighty pleased I was; for the jockey lords called me squire, you see—and clapping me on the back in this manner, says, Squire, your horse will beat every thing!

Lord A. Indeed!

Tyke. Yes, yes—that was pleasant enough; but, unluckily, the jockey lords told me a damned heap o' lies; for ma horse always came in *lag* last.—Then they told me to hedge; but it was not the hedging I had been used to, and somehow I got intid ditch like—So what with that, and playing cards at *Lamb skin-nings* (for, bless you, I could not catch them at *Saithchums*) I was—

Lord A. Ruined.

Tyke. Yes; as jockey lords said—completely cleaned out.

Lord A. Did you not return to honest labour?

Tyke. Oh, no, I could not—my hands had got soft and smooth, and I had a ring girt about my finger;—no, I could not tak to work.

Lord A. Go on.

Tyke. Why, as I could stay there no longer, I thought it would not be a bad plan to go away—so I went intid stable, and, would you believe it? the horse that bent mine somehow coaxed, and contrived to get me on his back like—and, ecod, galloped off wi' me a matter of an hundred miles.—I thought no more about it myself—

Lord A. But they did?

Tyke. Yes, dom them, and were very cross indeed; for they put me intid castle, and tried me at sizes.

Lord A. What could you say to avert your fate?

*Tyke.* Why, I told the judge—says I, my lord, I hope you'll excuse my not being used to this kind of tackle—exchange is no robbery—mistakes of this kind will happen—but, I assure you, I've kept the best of company w<sup>th</sup> the jockey lords, and such like as yourself—So they all smiled, as much as to say, he's one of us like—and I thought all was right enough: but the judge puts him on a black cap, and, without saying with your leave, or any thing, orders me to be hanged?—

*Lord A.* Poor wretch!

*Tyke.* Don't you be frightened; they did not hang ma, mun—don't believe that;—no, bless you, they sent ma' to Botany Bay for fourteen years.

*Lord A.* Where, I hope, you remained, resigned to your fate.

*Tyke.* Oh! quite resigned—for I could not get away:—I dare say I tried a hundred times.

*Lord A.* Why did not I know it?—Had you sent to my house—

*Tyke.* I did send to your house.

*Lord A.* Well!

*Tyke.* Why, they wrote word, I think, that you had been called up to t<sup>o</sup>ther house—but then I did not know where that was—and that you was sent abroad by government:—I was sorry to hear that, because I knew what that was by myself like—not that it surprised me, because I heard of your always being at Cockpit, and I guessed what that would end in.

*Lord A.* Pahaw!—Come hither; tell me—I dread to ask—that child—where—hush! we are interrupted—retire into that room.

*Tyke.* Certainly: oh, you'll find me quite an agreeable companion like.—There seems some varry pratty clothes of yours in that room.—I should not wonder at all if one of them coats would fit me—for we're a good deal alike as to person and manner, I think.—

*Lord A.* Well, well,—go in, go in.

[*Exit TYKE.*]

In the pronunciation of the Yorkshire dialect, he is certainly without a rival here, and we believe unexcelled even on the London boards. In the delineation of all the humorous parts of the play, he was equally happy; and the loud and reiterated plaudits of the audience testified his ample success. His interview with FERMENT, too, was a brilliant sample of good acting: the *sang froid* with which he pockets the snuff-box, the sudden alarm exhibited in his countenance and manner at the bare mention of the word *apprehend*, (which his course of life had accustomed him, to understand only in the worst sense,) were only equalled by the tone of impudent assurance, or the confusion of guilty fear, in which he uttered the words to which his actions were so admirably suited. In that pathetic scene, where he is awakened to remorse by the discovery, that he has robbed his old father, he was particularly great: and never did we witness a more successful exhibition of rapid transition from the humorous to the pathetic, and when he hurriedly brings the candle close to the old man—recognizes the features of his aged parent—and utters, in the thrilling tones of despair, the words "Oh! Villain, Villain!" we noticed in many a beaming eye the tear of sympathy. The agonizing interest of the scene, was kept up throughout: the hysteric laugh, the sudden flood of weeping, the deep pathos with which he utters these affecting expressions "What, may I, think you?—May I—May I?" as he falls on his knees to pray, were all represented and uttered with such an effect and truth to nature, that we think it could not be any where excelled. This Scene, taken altogether, is, perhaps, the most beautiful and affecting in the whole Play; yet we are almost inclined to question whether the following portion of the 2d Scene of the 4th Act, does not give a still greater scope to the exertion, of dramatic talent in the part of TYKE; at least we thought so from the manner in which it was last night performed:—

*Lord A.* Look under that cloak—it will explain the means

*Tyke.* I will—he! he!—I declare I'm as happy as—[*Lifts up the Cloak, sees Pistol and Mask, then trembling, drops the Cloak.*]

*Lord A.* [*Catching his Hand.*] You know the use of those

*Tyke.* I do.

*Lord A.* You must employ them.

*Tyke.* Hush!

*Lord A.* What alarms you?

*Tyke.* Hush!

*Lord A.* No one hears.

*Tyke.* Yes, there does.

*Lord A.* Impossible!

*Tyke.* There does, I tell you—there does.

*Lord A.* Ah! how! where?—[*TYKE, shuddering, points up to Heaven.*]

It is impossible for us to give an idea, of the forcible effect with which that silent appeal to heaven is made: words could never express what such an appeal, so made, would have conveyed; neither can they impart to those who did not witness it, a just conception of the brilliant success of the gentleman who represented TYKE in the delineation of it. But, we have yet to advert to the merits of others; which though not equalling in every point, the talents we have noticed at such length, have still a claim on our attention as well as on our gratitude: and these must not be overlooked: we shall only therefore repeat our conviction, that we have not, and cannot, do justice to the TYKE of Friday Evening; and having acknowledged this, we can only say further, that the power to do so, and not the inclination, has been wanting.

GENERAL TARRAGON was most ably represented throughout; but in two scenes he was particularly great. In that with FERMENT, where the latter, with his back turned to him, imagines that it is his wife, who has returned and taken her seat behind him; and expresses his doubts of the courage of the supposed absent general to her: he was uncommonly successful, and the sentence "You may satisfy your doubts directly" was given with most happy effect. But it was in the scene where he introduces FERMENT to LORD AVONDALE, that we think the dramatic powers of this gentleman shone forth with the most conspicuous excellence. The eagerness with which he is bent on delivering his studied piece of complimentary eloquence, so, carefully taught him; his impatience of interruption; his utter inattention to the replies of his Lordship, or to any thing but what he is to say next; his determination to convince his friend FERMENT that he can deliver his flowery speech with credit,—were all admirably portrayed: but in the latter part of this scene—he was still more successful we mean, when he turns to receive the approving smiles of FERMENT,—when he tells him "Perfect to a letter! there I've done for you,"—when he discovers, after this burst of self-applause, FERMENT in agonies of vexation and LORD AVONDALE gone, the tone in which he utters it, and the look of amazement which accompanies the expression,—"What! his lordship gone?" Here he was, we think if possible, more happy than even in the introductory speech.—We hope, this gentleman may long continue an ornament to the Chawinghee boards.

The character of FERMENT, equally merits our approbation. The gentleman who sustained it, to our conception completely, "embodied forth" the idea of the author. He was throughout, the conceited self-sufficient coxcomb, fancying himself ever possessed of abilities, existing only in his own imagination; and endeavouring, by any, and every means, to attain to a consequence, which his ignorance and insignificance debarred him from all chance of acquiring; except amongst those as brainless as himself, but without his vanity; arrogant to those who were, or whom he supposed to be, below him in station; cringing to those above him; destitute of honour, as of sense or courage;—such was the character portrayed to the life by the representation of Ferment: and so true to nature was the delineation, that some one near us observed, that he could not help cursing the fellow's affectation and vanity, for while he was on the stage, it was impossible to remember its illusions or to imagine him playing a part any on other than that of life. To cite any instances in which this gentleman was more particularly successful during the performance would, be extremely difficult; because he was uniformly good throughout: but if he excelled particularly in any scene, we think it was in the one in which, mistaking TYKE for a great man,



he pays his homage to him, to obtain the benefit of his influence with LORD AVONDALE. He was certainly great in this, and evinced powers of no ordinary stamp. In his bye-play, we think he is inferior to no one of the Corps Dramatique; and to say the truth, there is rather a deficiency of this most essential qualification amongst them, as we shall presently have occasion to notice.

The *Debutant* to whom we alluded in our notice of the intended representation of this Play, appeared in the character of FREDERIC, which is rather a difficult one for a Debut: but it was in the whole as well sustained, as could have been expected at a "first appearance on any boards." The gentleman who performed it, will, in time, we doubt not, prove a valuable addition to the CHOWRINGHEE CORPS. At present, he wants confidence; owing to which, probably, his enunciation is too rapid, allowing no time for distinctive emphasis, or "to suit the action to the word"—a most important point. This was more particularly observable in the early scenes of the Play; but latterly he seemed to have gained courage a little, and the improvement arising from it, was visible; but he has still much to acquire, ere we can expect him to be eminently successful in characters of importance. There is an ungainly stiffness in the management of his person, more particularly in the movement of his arms, that must be got over. Practice will do much for him, and we consider the improvement we have mentioned a good omen. In the scene, in which he incurs the odium of guilt to save his friend, he succeeded much beyond our expectations.

The OLD MAN was performed by a VETERAN of the Corps, well known for his successful representations of aged characters; and it is enough to say, that on Friday night, he supported his former reputation.

The female characters were well supported, though we do not think that in them, there is any scope for the display of dramatic excellence in this Play; except, perhaps, in that of Mrs. FERMENT, in one or two scenes. In these, the representative of the character last night, did ample justice to it. JULIA is to our idea, a most insipid character; and Mrs. ST. CLAIR, is little better. In the former of these a lady made her debut. We cannot yet form a decisive opinion of her talents. At present she labours under considerable diffidence, and her gait appeared to us rather awkward; but though we could not bestow on her the meed of unqualified approbation, we deem it our duty to reprobate the unmannerly and unmanly expression of disapprobation resorted to by some few individuals in the house on Friday night, when at the altar JULIA, in reply to the eager question of the almost phrenzied FREDERIC, "JULIA! Married?" answers "NO FREDERIC." Whether the reply was pronounced so well as it might have been or not, it is most probable that many of those who laughed at the actress, had not the least conception of the manner in which it ought to be uttered. At all events, the rude laugh that followed it, was improper and indecent.

The principal defect we observed in the female Performers, was their apparent ignorance of Bye-Play; they seemed to be continually restless and uneasy in their positions; and, at one time, three of them were huddled together on the stage in a most ungraceful manner. We recommend them to attend to this; for an easy graceful carriage on the stage, is by no means unimportant; and indeed often passes off acting which without it would not be tolerated. As far as the insipidity of the character enables us to judge, we are inclined to think rather favorably of the representative of Mrs. ST. CLAIR, whom we had not before seen on the stage; but her delivery is too declamatory—too Tragedy-queenish for our taste: there is no touch of nature in it; but this may be remedied if she will think less of effect and more of her part. In speaking, she constantly lifts her eyes to heaven which however romantic, is not natural.

The Play was over at a very reasonable hour; and we believe the audience rose, on the falling of the curtain, with feelings of unmingled satisfaction for the gratification that had been afforded them. For ourselves, we look forward with pleasure to a repetition of a similar entertainment; and hope that on the next occasion, an overflowing audience will assemble to stimulate the talents and exertions of the Performers of the *Chowringhee Theatre*, and to reward them with their approving smiles and plaudits.

## Assault on a Bombay Editor.

*Bombay Gazette*, April 2.—Our readers have no doubt, from time to time, derived considerable gratification from some papers published in our columns signed "YACOOB," "LOOLOO," and "ABU JAAD."—It has now become our duty to draw the attention of the public, at some length, to these productions; and in commencing our observations we must express to those Gentlemen (we except Mr. Flower) and Ladies, to whom these communications are said to have given offence, our sincere concern at the pain we may have unwittingly been the means of occasioning them.

We can assure them that every reasonable precaution was taken by us to prevent the possibility of offending any individual.

Mingling little in society, we had no opportunity of ascertaining the public opinion on these communications, and we only now regret that we took no other means of satisfying ourselves, beyond that of writing to ABU JAAD himself, whether his productions were personal or not.

That appeal to him we repeatedly made; and his repeated assurances that the sketches he sent for publication, were neither intended nor calculated to give pain to any individual, satisfied us that these productions, which were written in so able and apparently Gentlemanly a manner, really came from a man of honor, and we accordingly gave them a place in our columns, without insisting on his disclosing to us his real name—nor was it until after the occurrence of a circumstance which shall be stated in the sequel, that we learnt from one of our friends, who had a better opportunity of discovering the feeling that prevailed, the extent of the dissatisfaction occasioned by ABU JAAD's papers, or the point and nature of the allusions they were rumoured to contain. Regarding ABU JAAD, we cannot divest ourselves of the feeling that he is a gentleman, and under that impression we now call upon him to appear in his own character, and make those declarations of the inoffensive nature of his letters, either to the public, or privately to the individuals who deem themselves aggrieved, which he has so repeatedly made to us in private communications.

We shall anxiously expect to be apprized of the adoption of one of these alternatives before the publication of our next number. No one will have more pleasure than ourselves in finding we have not been deceived in our opinion of the character of ABU JAAD: and that he will be able to establish to the public that We merely displayed a laudable anxiety to contribute to the gratification of our readers by the publication of lucubrations that contained amusing sketches of character drawn, not from individuals with whom the author was acquainted at Bombay, but from a general knowledge of mankind. We are confident that every candid mind will be satisfied from the account we have now given of our connection with ABU JAAD, that in so far as we ourselves are concerned, there has been but one wish, that of contributing to the pleasure of our readers without the slightest intention of offending, or being the means of giving offence.

That conviction, however, we unfortunately could not create in the mind of Mr. Flower, a gentleman who considered himself to have been injured by some part of the writings of ABU JAAD. From the preceding statement, the impossibility of our discovering to him the real author will be perceived. We leave it to the public to form its own judgement on Mr. Flower's conduct. If he himself feels that he has acted as became either his own dignity as a Magistrate, or as was decorous or just towards us, we cannot but pity him. We were in the heat of the moment about to take those steps which would have taught Mr. Flower that our first feeling was not that of pity, but of revenge. We were however accidentally prevented from putting our designs in execution. The insult was not of that nature which a gentleman should have offered, and we might perhaps in the eyes of our friends have done him a greater honor than he deserved, in noticing his conduct as a difference between Gentlemen. For the violent excesses of spirits of this kind, the Law after all, perhaps, provides the best and the only fitting remedy, and before a legal tribuna

Mr. Flower shall be called to answer for his unwarrantable outrage, the details of which we now proceed to lay before our readers.

Mr. Flower, accompanied by Mr. Henshaw, called at the GAZETTE Office on Saturday last. On their names being announced, the Editor desired that they should be shown up into his private apartments. The Editor met them at the head of the stairs, when Mr. Flower addressed him as follows:—"I am come, Mr. Hughes, to speak to you respecting a letter which appeared in your last paper." "Very well, Sir," was the reply of the Editor, "walk into this room, and I will hear what you have to say." The Editor then conducted them into the room and invited them to sit down. Mr. Flower continued, "I am come, Sir, to ask the name of the author of the letter." "Upon my word it is not in my power to comply with your wish," replied the Editor "for I myself do not know his name." "Then Sir," said Mr. Flower, "I look to you (or upon you) as the author, and I insist on your making a public apology for the gross insult offered in it to my family." The Editor declared that he was really sorry that Mr. Flower should conceive his family insulted, and begged he would point out to him the offensive passage—Mr. Flower replied, "read your paper." The Editor stated, that he had done so carefully, and solemnly disclaimed all knowledge of any personal allusion, in the last GAZETTE, either to his family or to any other person, and again urged him to point out the part which appeared to him offensive. To this Mr. Flower again replied "read your paper," adding, as he was going away, "I will give you two days to consider of an apology, which you shall publish." "There is no necessity," replied the Editor, "for my taking two days to think on the subject, as I do assure you now, that I have not to my knowledge insulted your family." "Do you say so," said Mr. Flower, and hastily turning back, seized the only thing in the apartment he was then in, which happened to be an umbrella, and holding it with both his hands, struck the Editor a violent blow on the head, which completely stunned him for some moments, and rendered him utterly incapable of resistance; and altho' Mr. Flower must have observed him to be in that state, he repeated his blows until a third person (but not his companion Mr. Henshaw) stepped in between them. Mr. Flower and his companion then left the office, and the Editor had written to a friend to consult with him on the best means of conveying a message to Mr. Flower, when in the mean time another of the Editor's Friends received a message, which had been sent without the Editor's knowledge, intimating in general terms, that something of a disagreeable nature had occurred to the Editor. This friend happened to be with another gentleman, also a friend of the Editor, when he received the message, and they both resolved to go and see what occurrence had taken place, the nature of which they were at the time unable to conjecture. The last mentioned Gentleman thus accidentally introduced, happened to be a Magistrate, who, when he found the Editor in an irritated state of mind, and deliberating on the readiest means of breaking the peace, without saying any thing to the Editor, intimated his apprehension in writing to the Senior Magistrate of Police, who immediately appeared at the Gazette Office, and bound over the Editor to keep the peace.

Since writing the above, ABU JAAD, hearing of the occurrence which took place on Saturday, has voluntarily come forward and avowed himself to us: and he hopes to convince the public in our next number, that of the sketches he has given, all are either fanciful or copied from works in his possession.

### Shipping Departures.

#### MADRAS.

Date	Names of Vessels	Flags	Commanders	Destinations
April 2	James Drummond	British	G. Wise	Calcutta

#### BIRTH.

At Birgytollah, on the 19th instant, the Lady of RICHARD TURNER, Esq. of a Daughter.

### Dundas Pilot Vessel.

We understand that the Hon'ble Company's Pilot Vessel the PHILIP DUNDAS, under charge of Mr. Acting Branch Pilot Stapleton, ran a-ground on the Willobery shore, two days ago, and fell on her beam-ends towards the river, with her tops in the water. The Master Attendant has used every exertion in sending down heave-up vessels and row-boats to her assistance; but it is doubtful whether she can be extricated from her perilous situation with any degree of safety to the Hull. We have not correctly learnt the cause of the accident; but it is rumoured to have occurred owing to the vessel having missed stays.

### The Maid of Olraga.

To the Editor of the India Gazette.

DEAR INDY,

I could not help going to see the Mermaid after all the proposing that has appeared on the subject. It strikes me 'tis a real Siren, for she looks exactly as if she were singing. 'Taze ba Taze nou ba nou,' while the youth, whose head only has been brought from Olraga, appears as if he was crying out *Bravo! encore!* A friend of mine suggested that he was in the act of singing 'Is there a heart that never loved.' Another guessed that some quarrel and high words had arisen between the lady and gentleman on account of the horn which grows out of the forehead of the latter, and that in the scuffle she hit his head off; be that as it may, I went yesterday evening to see the Mermaid, and put a question to her when I thought no one heard us; strange to say, she replied! Our conversation was exactly as follows:—

"Have you ever been at Olraga?"

"No—and what's more, *hum nihi jaga.*"

*Kiwaste, Miss Mermaid, toom nihi jaga?*

Because there is no such place as Olraga!

Yours cordially,

April 16, 1823.

DUBEROUS.

### To Correspondents.

We hope A CHURCHMAN will excuse us for not giving immediate insertion to his letter; because we have reason to expect, that matters will yet be satisfactorily adjusted. Indeed, if we do publish his letter at all, we would wish to see it considerably altered. But we feel persuaded, it will not be necessary to bring the question before the public, either through the columns of a Newspaper, or in any other shape; for we entertain no doubt, that so soon as the two worthy and pious individuals come to a full knowledge of all that has transpired, they will voluntarily resign the posts assigned them, rather than be the conscious cause of dissatisfaction and division in an infant and rising community.

### Stations of Vessels in the River.

CALCUTTA, APRIL 18, 1823.

At Diamond Harbour.—ZELI, (F.), GEORGIANA, and VIRGINA, outward-bound, remain.—CARMO, (P.), inward-bound, remains.—FRANCIS WARDEN, and GUIDE, (brig), passed down.

Kedgerie.—HERO OF MALOWN, and FLOR DEL MAR, (Spanish), outward-bound, remain.—RESOURCE, passed down.

New Anchorage.—H. C. S. ROYAL GEORGE, —MANGLES,—CONDE DO RIO PARDO, (P.), put back from Sea, outward-bound, remains.

Saugur.—ESPERANÇA, (P.), ELIZA, (P.), and CENEUS, (brig), gone to Sea.

### Deaths.

On the 19th instant, PETER WATSON, Esq. late Accountant in the Accountant General's Office, aged 49 years.

At Cuddalore, on the 1st instant, WILLIAM FRENCH, Esq. of the Madras Civil Service.

At Cosimbazar, at the House of Mrs. HAN, on Wednesday the 16th instant, Ayah CATHERINA DE ROZARIO, a tender Nurse, a most affectionate Matron, and a faithful and much attached Domestic. Her irreparable loss is most severely felt, by those, whom she fostered in their infancy; and a small circle of Friends, whom, by her snavity of manners, and a naturally docile temper, she greatly endeared to her.